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The WAR CRY



CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

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CHARLES SOWTON, Commissioner



"If Thou Knewest the Gift, and Who?"

By Colonel Brengle

IS there any one so old or jaded or world-wearied that he has no interest in the gifts that are lying in loving ambush for him on Christmas Day? And the children, how eager are they! How their eyes gleam and dance with expectancy as the time for the distribution of gifts draws near! How they hop and skip and gurgle and giggle and hold their breath and wiggle and wonder all agog with excitement and desire! What secrecy has enshrouded the household for weeks! What mystery! What plots! What whisperings! What knowing and sly glances between those who are in the secret! How we look forward to the day, prepare for it and rejoice not only to receive but to give, and get more joy out of giving than receiving! Blessed day!

But how indifferent men are to the gifts God has for them! He is the great Giver. He giveth wisely, freely, lavishly, magnificently, and men are indifferent to His gifts! Our gifts on Christmas Day are usually of little value and are quickly forgotten. But God's gifts enrich us forever, and, received and cherished, they multiply. Our gifts compared to His are as our little fireworks on the Fourth of July compared to His lightnings that flame and blaze across the sky, or the march of suns that light up worlds.

Give a man a handful of silver or gold and that is all. But let God give him an acorn and He has given him locked-up forests from which some day you can build cities to house millions, and ships to sail all oceans and seas.

Give him diamonds and that is all you have given, but let God give him a few grains of wheat and he has received the germs of harvests that may feed multitudes and nourish nations yet unborn! Oh, what a Giver is God! Bless His holy name forever!

Some gifts of God are constant and unsought. He does not wait for our asking. Sunshine and fresh, sweet winds and changing seasons, green fields and starry skies, rippling brooks and rushing rivers, life-giving fountains, song birds, rain and snow—these are His gifts, though we may ignore Him and live as though there were no Heavenly Father.

The sun does not ask if it may shine upon us with its warmth and cheer, but silently, resistlessly, it rises and floods all the heavens and earth with its radiant and beneficent glory. It is God's good gift. "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good." It is His sun, and He gives it to us without our asking and regardless of our character. How good God is! How quickly the earth would freeze, what darkness would enshroud us, what horror would overwhelm us, and how surely and quickly and wretchedly we should perish if the sun should go out, should shine no more!

The rain does not stand at our door and plead with us that it may pour down its life-giving waters upon our gardens and fields and fill our springs and rivers and make green the earth for our welfare, but it just falls in the night while we sleep or in the day while we work, because the Father "sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." It is God's rain. He might withhold it, but instead He gives it, and we live and do not perish from the face of the earth. How good God is!

These and manifold other gifts He bestows and we receive them freely, but often without gratitude or a thought of the Giver of all good gifts.

But there are other gifts He waits to give us and bring to our door, the benefits of which we can only receive as we consciously and purposefully co-operate with Him and ask that we may receive. Jesus asked for a drink from the much-married woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, and then said to her:

"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

On God's side the water in Jacob's well was free to any and all. He sent it down from snowy mountain heights through the dark subterranean arteries of earth flowing beneath Samaria, but men had to dig the well, and draw the water if they would drink from its cool flood.

But from infinitely loftier heights God was sending down water that would quench the thirst of the soul. Jesus had it to give away, but the woman in the story had to desire it, ask for it and believe.

Jesus Himself is the Gift of God and in Him is all fullness found. He is the "grain of wheat," "the handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains," which shall feed the nations with imperishable bread, and with Him is "the fountain of life" from which men may drink and thirst no more.

Paul says that "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell," and "In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," and "In Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and then adds, "Ye are complete in Him."

When we have found Christ—really found Him—we need seek no further, but should spend our lives exploring and discovering and testing the riches we have in Him.

Have you some great need, or many little daily needs? Listen to Paul: "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Run to Him with your need as you ran to mother when a little child, then go diligently about your duty, quietly waiting and watching, and you shall see Christ working for you and meeting your

need. Have you some heavy burden to bear, some great task to perform? Listen again to Paul: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Tell Jesus of your burden, counsel with Him about your task, and see Him working for you, sustaining you, adding His strength to your weakness. "Roll thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee: He will never suffer the righteous to be moved," said the Psalmist, and ten thousand burdened and over-tasked souls have followed the Psalmist's instructions and echoed a glad amen.

Are you puzzled and do you feel your lack of wisdom in the presence of perplexing circumstances and duties? Hear Paul again: "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom," and her James: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth not and it shall be given him; let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." He will be your wisdom.

The more minutely we search the Gospels and Epistles, the more we shall stand amazed at manifold riches hid away for us in Jesus, and the more we cast ourselves upon Him and put him to the test, the more we shall unfailingly prove his word, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Merry Christmas to you in Him. Hallelujah!

"My Christ, He is the Lord of lords;
He is the King of kings;
He is the Son of righteousness
With healing in His wings.

"My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

"Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My medicine and my health,
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown
My glory and my wealth.

"Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love,
My bread, my hope, my Counselor,
My Advocate above.

"My Christ, He is the Heaven of heaven
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All-in-all."

"If thou knewest the Gift of
and Who?"—John 4:10.

PRINCE OF PEACE

But now the Prince of Peace has come—He of Whom it was said that "in His name there shall be abundance of peace." "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Now "old things are passed away; behold all things are become new;" and "If any man be of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself."

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL BRENGLE

IT WAS about Christmas time. The snow was glowing on the hills and varying its hue with the light. But from the low-lying flake appear remote, but, however, it is always glowing and shining. The road along which you travel is hard, especially up the Army Training Garrison road. This hill is dimly, but with darkness unusually deep, and the traveller finds it a difficult task to reach his destination.

EARNEST-HEARTED

At the time of which I speak of earnest-hearted men, who had been called from various countries. They had listened to the words of the well of Salvation, after day to their duties of the sick, and the needy, etc.

The Principal was pleased to have them tested, and they had been tested. The time drew near for the Christmas day, and he exclaimed to his wife, who of one of the sweetest of life.

"I have an idea," His wife said. "I am glad to hear it, God's happy mother, as she looked of more value to her than is it?"

"For some time I have been thinking of the spirit of the Cadets; stuff they are made of; but they are opportunity to prove the spirit of compassion suitable for an unexpected occasion."

"But what is the occasion? Though our sweet little girl isn't she a little cherub?—much, I am really curious to do."

THE PRINCIPAL

"Well, my plan is simple. Fairly late this evening the Cadets will be down the hill from the Garrison, and cold, and the snow has passed away. They have been drifting very deep, in old clothes so as to disguise them, and then throw myself down among them. They pass it is my intention to attract their attention."

"Oh, that is dreadful, death of cold and—"

"Nonsense, little mother, after our Christmas box while—"

"Tick, tock," said the clock. The house seemed strangely still, with the wind sighing amongst the trees without. Baby was sleeping, so quiet. Had Gustav gone?"

She had a sense of the presence in the room. Hearing her raise her eyes from the cot, she was sleeping and—the cot trembled. It was a poor, desolate man.

"O Gustav!" she exclaimed, "Do I look the part?" he a Yes, indeed you do. It is when I see you."

The Training Principal struck a match, and was glad he had it on a cold night, but with his umbrella to pull through all right. Wunder? Up the hill he pushed through the snow. It was a lumbering, slow, plan, he heard voices.

PLUNGED INTO THE SNOW

"Surely my watch must be wrong. Cadets are not due this way yet. He goes," and he plunged himself into the snow. No. Now he realized not the voices of the Cadets, folk coming.

The voice of a lady mingled with the sound as they passed along. Training Principal caught the cigar, when the pair passed close by, made a hole in the snow. A quizzishness the lady stepped forward and exclaimed, "Oh! here is a



Gift, rengle

some heavy burden to task to perform? Little can do all things through giveth me." Tell Jesus counsel with Him about see Him working for you, adding His strength to your burden upon the Lord in thee: He will never suffer me moved," said the Psalmist, "and burdened and over- followed the Psalmist's in- shod a glad amen.

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strength."

Christmas to you in Him. Hallel-

He is the Lord of lords, King of kings; of righteousness in His wings.

He is the Tree of Life, God's garden grows; to feed, whose leaves do heal Sharon's Rose.

meat, Christ is my drink, and my health, my strength, my joy, my crown and my wealth.

Father and my Friend, and my Love, my hope, my Counselor, stand above.

He is the Heaven of heaven, what shall I call? first, my Christ is last, is All-in-all."

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PRINCE OF PEACE

the Prince of Peace has come it was said that "in His abundance of peace, truth are met together, and peace have kissed each other, things are passed away; and all the become new; and all the who hath reconciled us to us Christ, and hath given to us of reconciliation, to will Christ, reconciling the world

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL WILLIAM NICHOLSON, INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

IT WAS about Christmas-time. Those who visit Switzerland during the summer months see the snow glowing on the summit of the mountain and varying its hue with the changing of the light. But from the low-lying valleys the scintillating flakes appear so remote, so far away. In December, however, it is different. The snow (not always glowing and shining and inviting) blocks the roadway along which you walk. If you are tired and the afternoon light has failed, then the going is hard, especially up the hill to The Salvation Army Training Garrison in the city in which this story opens. This hill is a fairly steep ascent ordinarily, but with darkness everywhere, the snow unusually deep, and the air raw and penetrating, the traveller finds it a pretty stiff undertaking to reach his destination.

Earnest-Hearted Young Fellows

At the time of which I write the Cadets were a company of earnest-hearted young fellows who hailed from various cantons of their beautiful country. They had listened to many lectures and filled pocket books with notes. They drank deep of the wells of Salvationism and went forth day after day to their duties down amongst the poor, the sick, and the needy, speaking of Salvation to all.

The Principal was pleased with his Cadets, but he was anxious to test them even more thoroughly than they had been tested. One evening as the time drew near for the Christmas celebrations he addressed to his wife, who was the happy mother of one of the sweetest of little cherubs:

"I have an idea." His eyes shone.

"I am glad to hear it, Gustav," said the smiling, happy mother, as she looked down upon what was of more value to her than a thousand ideas. "What is it?"

"For some time I have wanted to test the quality of the spirit of the Cadets. I think I know the stuff they are made of; but I am going to give them an opportunity to prove whether they have the spirit of compassion sufficiently to rise to an unexpected occasion."

"But what is the test?" asked his wife. "Though our sweet little Christmas-box here—isn't she a little cherub?—claims my attention so much, I am really curious to know what you intend to do."

The Principal's Plan

"Well, my plan is simply this. I know that fairly late this evening the Cadets will be coming down the hill from the Garrison. It will be dark and cold, and the snow hard by where they will pass has drifted very deep. I shall attire myself in old clothes so as to disguise myself thoroughly, and then throw myself down in the snow. When they pass it is my intention to groan so as to attract their attention."

"Oh, that is dreadful. You will catch your death of cold and—"

"Nonsense, little mother. You stay and look after our Christmas-box while I go."

"Tick, tock," said the clock on the mantelpiece. The house seemed strangely still. There was a bitter wind sighing amongst the trees and gables without. Baby was sleeping. Yes, the house was quiet. Had Gustav gone?

She had a sense of the presence of some one else in the room. Hearing a slight sound she raised her eyes from the cot in which the little cherub was sleeping and—the sight nearly made her scream. It was a poor, desolate-looking, broken man.

"O Gustav!" she exclaimed, "How could you?"

"Do I look the part?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed you do. I could almost weep with pity when I see you."

The Training Principal strode on through the night, and was glad he had taken care. It was a cold night, but with his underwraps he expected to pull through all right. Would the plan pass muster? Up the hill he pushed his way through the snow. It was a lumbersome climb. Presently, while he looked round for a spot suitable for his plan, he heard voices:

Plunged into the Snow

"Surely my watch must be wrong," he said. "The Cadets are not due this way yet. However, here goes," and he plunged himself into the snow and waited. No. Now he realized. The voices were not the voices of the Cadets. Yet, here were the folk coming.

The voice of a lady mingled with that of a gentleman as they plodded along up the hill. The Training Principal caught the pungent sniff of a cigar, when the pair passed close to where he had made a hole in the snow. With womanly ingenuity the lady stepped aside from the path and exclaimed, "Oh! here is a poor man lying in

the snow."

"Leave him alone," said the gentleman, gazing down upon him.

"My dear," said the latter. "We can't leave him here. He will die of cold. We must lift him on to the path. Oh, whatever shall we do?" she exclaimed.

"Don't worry about him," replied the husband. "I expect he has had a drop too much. Come along."

At length, but very unwillingly, the lady followed the wake of her husband.

Once more steps were heard. It was the man and his lady returning.

"He is still there," said the latter compassionately kneeling in the snow. "We must not leave him here."

Once again the man looked down upon the recumbent figure as though trying to think of a way out of the difficulty.

"It's no good, my dear. We can't do anything to



"Very likely he's drunk—or injured."

help him. Come along! I would help him if I knew how to."

"One thing you must not do. You must not leave him. Whether he is drunk or sober he is in need of help."

"I cannot stay here all night. He will wake up presently when he has slept off the effects of the liquor, and then he will be all right and make his way down the hill. Come along, I say."

Still protesting the little lady walked away. As they went the Training Principal heard the clear high voice of his would-be-rescuer raised in pleading, and then the deep notes of the reply.

"Ugh! How cold it is. Certainly that watch of his was wrong, or could it be that he had dozed off to sleep. He found that he had not been lying in the snow so long as he had imagined. The Cadets were now nearly due to pass that way.

"How long time seems when one is out in the cold," reflected the Principal as he tried to make himself comfortable. The laggard minutes passed, and he was on the point of rising to his feet, to help to restore his circulation, for he was beginning to feel numb. Then he thought of the bright warm room where he had left his little wife and her Christmas-box. This brought cheer to him, and his heart was comforted.

Once again folk were coming along the unfringed road. There were more than two this time, and they were men's voices that he heard. Whoever they might be, they were walking in step.

Ah, that was the voice of the Captain. All uncertainty vanished. They were the Cadets coming down the hill.

What would happen? As the Principal waited he felt that much depended upon the next few minutes. The reputation of The Army, as well as of his little company of Cadets rested on the issue.

Nearer drew the Cadets for whom he had prayed so long and in whose interest he had labored with such deep concern. They were chatting away, and a voice was raised in song.

The vital moment had now arrived. The excitement of the Principal, though suppressed, was great, and he found himself breathing heavily, for he lay face down like some hibernating bear. It

looked as though the Cadets were so occupied with their talk and singing that they failed to notice the man by the wayside. For shame, Cadets; for shame!

Halt! The sharp word of command worked like magic. The song ceased; the footsteps could no longer be heard.

"What was that?" said the Captain. The Principal had groaned.

One or two of the Cadets were down on their knees at once. "It's a man."

"A man—and sleeping out in the open a night like this?" He's not sleeping."

"What's the matter with him?" said the Captain. "Very likely he's drunk," said one. "Or injured," said another.

"He must have Fallen"

Once more the Principal groaned. "Poor fellow.

He must have fallen heavily and hurt himself."

Anyway, drunk or sober, hurt or sound, he must not be allowed to freeze to death. With difficulty the Principal restrained his feelings, but it was his duty to carry through his extraordinary project. The Cadets were kneeling in the snow or bending over him, and all were seeking to be of some service.

"What about the meeting?" said one. "That can wait a little," was the answer.

"If every absentee has as good a reason as we have, then all will be well."

"How is he?" said the Captain. "He appears to be very drowsy, and it's a job to get a word out of him. Evidently he is quite unconscious, but he is almost too heavy to lift to his feet."

"Don't try to lift him to his feet," said the Captain. "It is not a long way to the Training Garrison. We must carry him up the hill, and when we get him into the Garrison we can take him down where the stove is, get him warm and give him some hot coffee. Now then, boys—one—two—three!"

The Principal of the Training Garrison felt himself being lifted out of the uncomfortable quarters and carried up the hill. It was too bad on his part, the Principal thought. But it was no good giving away the position now.

Carried him up the Hill

It was a hard journey up the hill, not so much for the panting and perspiring Cadets as for the one they were carrying. If truth must be told more than once he nearly came a cropper; but on they went determinedly, and they were encouraged to increased exertions by the groans of the man. There was a welcome respite at the Training Garrison entrance. Then the Cadets with their Captain took up the burden again and with revived energy. Through the entrance they carried the man found by the wayside.

"Take him down to the stove," said the Captain. When they got within the glow of the stove down-stairs, so exultant was the Principal in his feelings, so full of gratitude and pride, that pulling back the soft old service cap that had been pulled over his ears and eyes, he cried with sudden energy his face alight with recognition. "Well done, lads. Well done!"

This indiscretion on his part brought about a startling turn of events. A French-Swiss Cadet was so surprised that he let go his part of the burden, and a German-Swiss Cadet let go another part, and an Italian-Swiss Cadet in attendance jumped right into the air with astonishment. The result was that the Principal was dropped with a bump on to the floor, but he forgot his hurts and the chill of the night, and while the astonished Captain and Cadets crowded around, he related his night's experience. Soon the Cadets were laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks, while the Principal glowed with pleasure and satisfaction.

Evidence of Salvation

The story was too good to keep, and it was passed on to the other Wing of the Training Garrison, where it was received as an evidence of the practical Salvationism of the men Cadets. Though it was well known that the women-folk often lead in devotion and self-sacrifice, they envied the men Cadets the splendid opportunity they had of proving that they were no mere theorists, but were eager to show their devotion to Christ in practical form.

It was not the Principal who told the story in the city. But somehow it got out, as good stories will.

Need I add that that Christmas was one of the happiest to the Cadets and to the Captain, and to the Principal, who reached the bright little room, the good little wife and the Christmas-box in safety.

"Now tell me all about it, Gustav," said the wife. And Gustav related the Christmas story pretty much as I have related it to you.



THE snow was falling in thick, soft flakes—falling steadily from an inky sky. The gaunt, bare outlines of the giant maples that bordered Prospect Avenue were edged in white. The cement sidewalk on the north side of Main Street—the one-time pride of Williamsport—was covered with a four-inch carpet of snow, heavy with moisture, and marked by foot-tracks from the Eureka Drug Store to the Post Office. The globes on the light standards on Main Street were covered with the softly falling flakes, and the light generated from the Williamsport Power and Light Co. plant, the installation of which had been the occasion of a public holiday in that city, struggled vainly to pierce the gloom. A few belated purchasers of Christmas Eve supplies were abroad, and the stores were still open to accommodate them.

At the east end of Main Street, a store window gleamed with light, emphasizing the heavy red and blue lettering which told the inhabitants of Williamsport that this was the home of The Salvation Army. Inside the hall several red and blue-clad figures were examining the valves of sundry battered band instruments, and tightening the cords of the drum. The Williamsport Corps, even in the days of the early nineties, followed the time-honored custom of Christmas Eve serenading.

Mother and Babe

From the window of a substantially built home on Prospect Avenue, gleamed the light of blazing logs, and the solitary figure in front of the open fireplace was thrown into relief by the occasional glare. The light seemed to attract and hold the attention of the shrinking figure of the woman with the heavy bundle in her arms—the only moving object on Prospect Avenue. Several times she passed the window—clinging to the shadow of the maples when a flicker of light touched her features. Several times she approached the door—then hesitated and drew back into the gloom. At length, with a choking sob, she stumbled up the steps to the front door—deposited the bundle carefully on the threshold, then, running as if the forces were behind her, disappeared into the night. The conductor on the East Bound noticed the tear-stained face of a woman, her garments wet with snow, who boarded his train at Williamsport, and shook his head as she alighted at Alexis, the nearest big town to Williamsport. The police authorities at Alexis were frankly puzzled when the body of a woman was found on Christmas morning, floating amidst the broken ice on the river. Too bad! Sadness even on Christmas Day. They were never

able to secure identification, and a brief notation in the police records at Alexis was her only obituary.

Sergeant-Major John James Thomas, of the Williamsport Corps, was one of the town's most substantial citizens. The Thomas Lumber Company, the Williamsport Light and Power Company, and the local Corps of The Salvation Army were some of the products of his labor. In the days when Williamsport was only a "local" stop, the Sergeant-Major, then a young man in his early thirties, had bought a timber tract in the surrounding hills. The Thomas Lumber Company—hardwood, ties and building material—was the outcome. With the later advent of the canning factory and the knitting mill, power was an absolute necessity—hence the Williamsport Power and Light Company. With the growth of the population, The Salvation Army had also become a necessity, resulting in a letter from the president of the Thomas Lumber Company to the D.O. at Alexis to this effect—"If you will send an Officer, I will stand by him." The Officer was sent—the Methodist church missed the red-gurnseyed figure of John James Thomas, who had attended the services so faithfully, but insisted upon wearing his uniform—a Corps was started: the Captain and Sergeant-Major Thomas were the Corps; but it grew with the town, and the Sergeant-Major was happy.

But one Christmas Eve, his wife Jennie, his only love, his greatest joy, his inspiration, had slipped quietly away into the land of the Shadows, leaving John James Thomas alone—grief-stricken—childless. He presently lifted his head and faced life as God seemed to have ordered it, but his home on Prospect Avenue was strangely silent and memory-laden for this lonely man. As each succeeding Christmas Eve had rolled around, Sergeant-Major Thomas had kept tryst with Jennie. With his chair in front of the blazing log fire, and his eyes on the photograph of a woman with kindly gray eyes, hanging over the mantle, John James Thomas faithfully and fearlessly reviewed the passing year. Such had been his custom since Jennie had left him and such was his occupation on the Christmas Eve on which our story opens—and this fact also gives us the explanation for the absence of the Sergeant-Major from the company of serenaders gathered in the store at the east of Main Street.

John James, Senior

"Not much to tell this year, old girl," he said, as he leaned back in his chair and stirred the logs with his foot, "just about the same as last year. Little more money in the bank. Lumber Company doing well consider-

ing, crops growing some, too, thank God. Can't see I've done much. Jenny's clean—I've been square—I've tried to do what you would have said to do, and what you did say to do before you went away. Perhaps God will see something good in it all."

Thus he soliloquized, while the light of the logs played on the faces of his face and touched his rapidly graying hair.

"Guess I'll just read our chapter, and say good-night to you, Jennie," and after a brief silence the steady voice of John James Thomas spoke the words, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given—."

A Discovery

Closing the book, the Sergeant-Major arose from his chair, and squaring his shoulders, looked long into the gray eyes that seemed to smile so understandingly into his own. At that moment the sound of distant music reached his ears, and with a smile he strode to the door. For some moments he stood in the doorway, looking out into the snowy night, listening with a strange tightening at his throat and a prayer in his heart. Suddenly another sound, strangely unusual, reached his ear and drew his eyes to the shadows at his feet. He drew back in astonishment and then reached for the bundle. Amazement gripped him as he turned back the covers and the light of the fire fell on the face of the child. Two tiny gray eyes looked into his own. Dropping the bundle into the chair, he stepped quickly to the door. Not a moving object anywhere—only the falling snow that had long since obliterated the footprints of the woman.

Closing the door, he stepped back to the chair, and stood gazing as if hypnotized, at the little stranger.

"Where did you come from, young fellow, and who are you, anyway?" he inquired, and the baby's answering gurgle did not enlighten him.

Lifting the child with unaccustomed hand, his eye fell upon an envelope

December 19th, 1914

Planned to the tiny garments.

"Maybe this will throw some light on the mystery," he said, as with one hand he fumbled with the note. "What's this?" He read—

"Be good to my baby. He was born right, and his name is John James."

"Well, Well!" The Sergeant-

Major's consternation increased.

"Your name's John James, eh—you and me's alike there. But what is your other name, and what can I do with you? Guess your mamma must have thought a powerful lot of you," he examined the tiny garments and noticed the white silk monogram worked on each. "John James, eh," he muttered. "Now that's curious—and you look like a mighty fine kid to me. Not that I know much about that subject, John James—know more about mules—but you look like a thoroughbred to me. Wish I knew your pedigree. Only thing I can see to do with you is to hand you over to the League of Mercy. Eh? What's that?" The Sergeant-Major turned rapidly, holding the child tighter as he did so.

What Jennie Said

"Could have declared I heard something. Sounded like a voice to me. He stood silent, and listened, and then caught himself repeating the words—"For unto us a Child is born—unto us a Son is given—"

Suddenly the habit of years asserted itself, and his eyes sought the picture. "What shall I do with this, Jennie?" he asked. "He's a mighty nice looking boy, and his name's John James. What shall I do with him?"

He stepped closer to the picture. Did those eyes really smile back into his own. Was he "seeing things"—yet a second look only confirmed the first impression.

"You ain't saying to keep him, are you, Jennie? I ain't never handled kids—how can I keep him?" Again he paused—thinking and thinking until again a sound broke the stillness. It was his own voice, once more repeating—"unto us a Son is given—"

Suddenly he straightened and his eyes flashed. "I'll do it. I'll keep him, Jennie. I'll keep him, by—This time he was sure that the grey eyes had smiled into his own.

"Don't know how I'll fix it, but I will, somehow. What you say goes with me, Jennie. Always did, too—getting too old to have my own way now. Besides his name's John James—John James, Junior—sounds pretty good to me!"

Unaccustomed hands attended to the needs of John James, Junior, that Christmas night. He occupied the Sergeant-Major's bed, while John James, Senior, snatched a few hours of broken sleep in the spare room.

The Song Stopped

The Christmas morning service at the Williamsport Corps did not run according to schedule. The first song was interrupted by the Sergeant-Major, who walked to the front seat with a baby in his arms. The Captain signalled to the Lieutenant to keep the singing going while he stepped to the side of the sombered platform but very determinedly stepped the footprints of the woman.

Closing the door, he stepped back to the chair, and stood gazing as if hypnotized, at the little stranger.

"Want you to dedicate this baby, Captain," said John James, Senior. "Why, er—certainly, Sergeant-Major," said the astonished Captain.

"But whose baby is he?"

"He's mine!"

(Continued on page 10)

December 19th, 1914

OBSE AT THE

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meeting, and decided to go
with the above happy res

A Christmas Carol

Awake! awake! this happy morn,
Sing of a mighty, loving Saviour born,
Glory to God on high;
Sing peace on earth, goodwill toward
men,
And sing it o'er and o'er again,
And fill the world with joy.

The glory shone, and angels sang,
With blessed tidings joyful shepherds
ran,
God's only Son to see;
The saving power of Jesus' name,
Will swell Messiah's glorious fame,
Throughout Eternity.

Rejoice! rejoice! with Christmas song,
Like mighty thunder roll His praise
along,
Loud Hallelujahs sing;
Proclaim His birth, good news to all
With highest praise glad voices swell,
And worship Christ your King.

Eternal thanks to Christ be given,
With joyful music stirs the gates of
Heaven,
Bids His throne fall down,
By Bethlehem's manger let Calvary go,
Let Heaven and earth put on His
head,
A hallelujah crown.

garments, will throw some light
he said, as with
able with the note
he read—
baby. He was born
one is John James.

The Sergeant
ation increased. So
James, eh—you said
e. But what is your
what can I do with
ur mammy must a
ful lot of you," as to
tiny garments; and
the silk monogram
"John James, eh."
Now that's curious.
a mighty fine kid,
now much about his
James — know many
at you look like;
me. Wish I knew
Only thing I can see
is to hand you over
of Mercy. Eh! What's
ergeant Major but
the child tighter?"

Jennie Said

declared I heard some
like a Voice to me",
and listened, and
himself repeating the
to us a Child is born
is given—"

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es eyes sought the po-
shall I do with him,
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ing to keep him, are
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I keep him?" Again
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sound broke the still
his own voice, one
—unto us a Son is
straightened and his
"I'll do it, I will
him, I keep him, he
was sure that the pro-
tected into his own.
how I'll fix it, but I
What you say me.
Always did old Bill
old to have my own
his name's John James
Junior—sounds pret-

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John James, Senior—
certainly, Sergeant
the astonished Cap-
"Baby is he?"

nded on page 16)

el with Christmas song
thunder roll His praise
birth, good news to all
praise glad voices sing
hip Christ your King
to Christ be given
music storm the gates of
e throne fall down
r's hand to Calvary led
and earth put on His
jah crown.

December 19th, 1925

THE WAR CRY

5

OBSERVER AT THE T. H. Q. WINDOW

Wearing Officers trimmings are men of very many nationalities. To the imposing list will soon be added one other name, so a contemporary reminds us, for the first Karen Cadet has entered the Calcutta Training Garrison. The Kurens live among the hills of Burma and are elephant hunters of traditional occupation. A number of remarkable conversions have taken place among these interesting people during the year. The Army has been operating among them. Now the elephant hunter takes his place beside the next London typist and enthusiastic Jap under the same flag.

"DEEDS, not words," is a motto which occupies one of the front places in the favor of Salvationists. When the nation has to face some urgent domestic difficulty there are often words in fountains but deeds in mere drops. But tradition witnesses to the fact that the Salvationist prefers action to mere talking. Here is one of the most recent testimonies to the assertion. Presiding at The Army's annual social meeting in Colombo, the Mayor mentioned that when parts of the city were inundated by floods he rang up The Army Officers to ask what they could do, and received the reply that they were already on the job and had started relief, the "bonnies" being already in The Army Home. The Salvationists had simply got on with it.

NOT the least of the many difficulties which Army missionary Officers have to face in China is the correct pronunciation of the language. Although a word may be spelt in one way, it is quite possible for it to have several different meanings, according to the way it is pronounced. As may well be imagined, missionary Officers are often placed in awkward circumstances, sometimes distressing, but generally humorous. For instance, an Officer who recently returned from China, was explaining to one of his Soldiers the mystery of making an English pie. "Be sure to put the baking powder in with the flour," he said. The Chinese Salvationist roared with laughter, "I know what you mean," he exclaimed amidst ripples of delight, "but what you actually said was 'Be sure to put your wife in with the flour!'"

SOME remarkable confessions have been made at Army penitent-forms, among them that of a seeker in Czechoslovakia. This penitent, to all appearances a respectable boy, knelt with others who came forward in a Sunday night meeting. Having been counselled and prayed with, the penitent asked to see a woman-Officer and to her confessed to being a girl. She was sixteen and had left home dressed as a boy, hoping by this means to find work more easily. She was taken to an Army Home at Krefeld.

QUITE a number of Corps reports this week refer to open-air held despite inclement weather. One never knows the courage of these self-sacrificing efforts. Standing thus in the rain some little time ago, a few comrades found little encouragement from visible listeners, but they sowed the seed of Salvation, and sowed it well, as the subsequent happening showed. Among the seekers at the penitent-form that night were a couple of friends who had started on a journey to the other side of the city. The rain coming on, they were debating whether it was worth while continuing the journey when they heard The Salvation Army open-air meeting, and decided to go to the Hall—with the above happy result.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER • SPRINGDALE ST., ST. JOHN'S. COLONEL CLOUD

RICH HARVESTING

During the last two weeks attendances at the meetings in St. John's have been unusually large, and the results have been very encouraging. In the Central Holiness meetings, thirty-eight have been forward for the Blessing of Full Salvation. Fifty seekers have knelt at the mercy-seat at St. John's I.

LANTERN SERVICES

Major Tilley, accompanied by Adjutant Cornick, visited Winterton, Hant's Harbor, and New Cheltenham during the week, where a special series of lantern services was conducted. The week-end meetings were conducted at Winterton; the attendances were all that could be expected, and a splendid spirit of interest prevailed.

SUNBEAM DEMONSTRATION

Colonel Cloud presided over a very interesting Sunbeam Demonstration at St. John's II on Tuesday night. The recitations, singing and dialogues were worthy of commendation, while a very impressive song service entitled "Youth at the Cross Roads" was excellently rendered, and the large audience that attended was loud in its praise. Great credit is due Sunbeam Leader Renee Tilley and Assistant Leader Jean Piercy.

NEW SCHOOL

Adjutant Peach and her assistant, Captain Squires, are full of expectation for a good winter of soul-saving at Hant's Harbor Corps. The Major met the comrades in reference to the erection of a new Day School and Junior Hall, which is a great necessity in this place. The Comrades are deeply interested and have decided to secure sufficient framing and rough lumber for its completion.

Captain and Mrs. Jones, of Winterton, are full of enthusiasm and are experiencing some very blessed times. The Captain, who is the Day School teacher, finds his hands well-filled and feels quite happy in his work among the children.

MRS. COMMISSIONER SOWTON AT THE TEMPLE

"Irish Stew" caused a sensation in Toronto last week. The Toronto Temple Corps is making a desperate effort to raise the \$500.00 needed to build a village Hall in India, in connection with our beloved General's Birthday Scheme. A Sale of Work was accordingly arranged by Adjutant Ham. Mrs. Adjutant Snowden, the Home League Secretary, gave a splendid lead and soon had every section of the Corps responsible for a stall. Sisters Mrs. Alward and Burdett, with a splendid band of helpers, supervised the serving of dinners to downtown workers, the menu including the famous "Irish Stew."

We were favored in having the wife of our Territorial Commander, Mrs. Commissioner Sowton to open the Sale, a fine crowd gathered. Mrs. Colonel Miller led in prayer, and the Territorial Home League Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Powley, heartily congratulated Mrs. Adjutant Snowden, Mrs. B. D. Dowling, the Home League Treasurer, and all the workers on the beautiful display of saleable goods.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton gave an address and thanked the comrades for the hard work and the thought they had evidently put into the Sale, especially commending them for their self-sacrifice in giving the entire proceeds to such a worthy cause.

At night a large crowd again gathered to hear the West Toronto Band, under Bandmaster Dolmont,

and the Danforth Songster Brigade, under Songster Leader Fuller.

We greatly rejoice in the splendid sum of \$250.00 raised.

Captain Jennie Brown, of New Cheltenham, also speaks very hopefully of her Corps and school work.

A Home League Sale of Work held at St. John's I, has been most successful, a substantial amount being realized.

ENGLE

Captain Greenham

Captain Greenham reports thirty-six souls saved and two Soldiers enrolled, and also a foundation laid for a new building, the erection of which is to begin in the early Spring. The Captain has removed to Boydes Arm, with his soldiers, for the winter, and building has been erected where meetings are to be conducted.

The faith of the comrades is high for a very successful season in their winter quarters.

BAY ROBERTS

Commandant and Mrs. Cole

A Sale of Work has recently been held at this Corps in the interest of the property. The result of this came up to expectations.

On a recent Sunday night four seekers came forward for Salvation. Prospects are bright for a good Fall and Winter soul-saving campaign.

A very successful Tag Day has just been conducted. The work of the League of Mercy will be furthered as a result.

ST. JOHN'S III

Adjutant and Mrs. Caines

At St. John's III the Harvest Festival sale was held on Wednesday night, and was well up to expectations. The day school building, which has recently been erected, is now being painted, and altogether the Corps is on the upgrade.

BOTING COVE

Adjutant and Mrs. Pike

A revival wave swept over this Corps on a recent Sunday, and the comrades who visited Headquarters say that it is many years since such a splendid spirit prevailed. A large number of seekers knelt at the mercy-seat.



Lieutenant Pinkney, of Chapleau



Collegegrams

What a fortune would that man make who could provide people with memory. What disasters have occurred on railways and at sea, because responsible people "Forgot." What ruin and sorrow have been brought about in other directions by "Bad Memories." Wherever we go we hear complaints of "poor memories."

Close observation and contact with all kinds of characters lead one to the conclusion that when people make no attempt to store the mind, they do not blame their own indolence and carelessness, but blame nature.

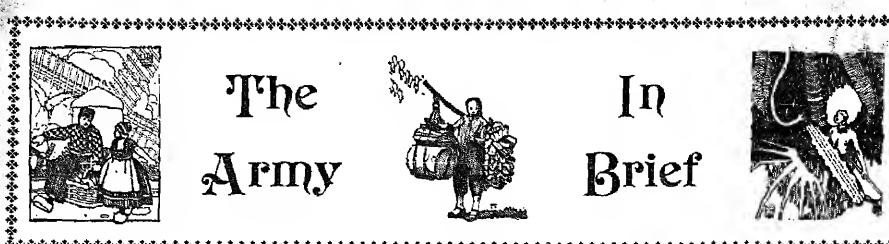
We are making every effort to assist Cadets to improve their memories by the following plan. Each Cadet is given a number of verses of the Bible to learn each week and also a verse of one song. These verses are selected. On Saturday afternoons they go into their class room in their Brigades and write down from "memory" the Scripture verses they have learned. Each Sergeant is responsible for his or her own "Brigade." The papers are collected and carefully marked, close attention being given to writing and spelling, but especially to correct quotations.

The recent programme of music and song given by the Cadets in the Temple was a great success in every way. The building was full; the people were enthusiastic. The Cadets put all their soul into the various items, so there was plenty of life. The women Cadets formed a band and played "Happy Land." Did you ever hear one of the first Army Bands? Well this Band will improve under the leader! The "drummer" was a great success. Look out for another musical meeting early in the New Year.

We regret to report an accident in connection with the Parliament Street Brigade. While on the march from the open-air to the hall a motor truck dashed into the brigade. Cadet Elsie Wells, who was carrying the Flag, was thrown down and carried some distance under the truck. She was badly bruised but no bones were broken. God certainly preserved the life of His child. The Cadet is being nursed at the Training Garrison and is making satisfactory progress toward recovery. Some other Cadets and the Sergeant (Garnett) were wonderfully delivered from serious injury.

The Cadets are now completing their first tests in Bible, Doctrine and Organization. What a tantalizing thing it is to go into a test, sit down carefully, read the "test" questions, then find out the things that you omitted to pay attention to are the ones you are asked to write about. I must not tell secrets, but experience is a good teacher.

Referring to "Memory," what a trick it plays you sometimes; you know the lesson so well, in fact, you can repeat it word for word before you go into the test, then, when you sit down and try to answer the questions, "Memory" just won't work; that's all there is to it. You try to coax it by looking up at the ceiling, scratching your head, closing your eyes; you try and look wise, although you feel just the opposite. You come out of the room and say "I just couldn't think." Then it all comes back. What tricks "Memory" plays. Too bad, you say, "I sure is." —W.B.



BONFIRES IN BRAZIL

An almost demented spiritualist recently knelt at the mercy-seat in our new Corps at Banga, Brazil. The day after his conversion he made a fire in his garden and fed the flames with his spiritualistic reading matter. Another convert, a woman, also built a bonfire. She gathered together her large collection of images and pictures which she had worshipped, and cast them into the blaze. Would that all men might burn their idols to-day; they must be burned by fire sometime—why not now?

AN OFFICER AS A DENTIST

An Officer in Australia relates having visited a dentist the other day with a view to obtaining a substantial donation towards the Self-Denial Appeal.

Having obtained entrance to the dentist's room, he introduced himself and said, "You sir, are to be the patient to-day; kindly seat yourself in the chair."

The dentist meekly obeyed.

"My business," continued the collector, "resembles in some respects that of a dentist. You like to get your patients into an easy position to enable you to determine the amount of gas required to ensure a painless

The Winter Campaign slogan, "EVERY SOLDIER A SOUL-WINNER."

extraction. Well, now, I have plenty of oxygen, and I am going to put it on in a minute or two, and when I feel you have had enough I shall make the extraction, which I promise you will be quite painless."

A look of amazement came over the dentist's face as the visitor proceeded to make known The Army's financial needs, its most recent Missionsary developments, and so on.

"Now for the extraction!" ejaculated the collector. "Five guineas for the Self-Denial Fund!"

"Right," the dentist responded readily. "You shall have it."

"And didn't I tell you it would be painless?" smilingly remarked the collector.

ANOTHER ARMY PERIODICAL

Our Juvenile comrades in the West Indies Territory are delighted with Commissioner Billard's announcement that a monthly "Young Soldier" is to be published, commencing January 1st. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Barr, well known to many Salvationists in Canada East, is to be the editor.

ARRESTED BY THE DRUM

A number of lads one Sunday night were making their way through the fields to some fruit gardens, from which they intended to help themselves.

From the distance came the sound of a drum. As The Salvation Army march made its way to the Hall, the boom of the drum smote the conscience of one of those lads. He returned to the town, found out the Salvation Army Hall, and before the meeting closed was found at the penitent-form.

He is to-day a Salvation Army Officer.

WHAT HAPPENED DURING 1925?

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS TELLING OF A FEW OUTSTANDING EVENTS IN THE ARMY WORLD DURING THE PAST YEAR

What momentous happenings have been crammed into the past year! What changes, what unexpected demands, what deeds of daring, what heart-breaks! When it is considered that The Salvation Army is operating in eighty-one countries and colonies in the world, one will quickly realize that a presentation of the major activities for the twelvemonth would require the space of a good-sized volume.

Certainly the year has been rich in

her presence the opening of a hospital extension at Clapton.

The first Salvation Army Congress in the Republic of Latvia was held amidst great rejoicing. On this occasion the first Latvian Local Officers were commissioned.

The Hungarian "War Cry" reached a circulation of 20,000 per issue. This, in a Territory only one year old, is a wonderful record.

The 45th Anniversary of the Training of Officers was made memorable by a Training Staff Council in London. At this Council, Training Garrison representatives were present from every Army Territory save three.

Commissioner and Mrs. Lamb commenced a tour of the Empire in the interests of migration.

The list of Army periodicals was lengthened by the publication of "War Cry" in Latvia and Hungary.

The British Commissionership changed hands when Mrs. Booth relin-



Colonel William J. B. Turner, appointed Territorial Commander for the Territory comprising Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay.

victory for our Organization. Reports of conquest, new ground occupied, novel methods used, conversions from people of almost every strata of society, have filled the pages of our various papers week after week.

The General has been continually "on the go." He has proven a worthy example to every leader as to how a shepherd of souls and minister of Christ should be unceasing in attacking the forts of darkness. Campaigns in Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, France, as well as in the Old Country, have been seasons of Salvation glow and holy enthusiasm, and thousands of seekers have lined the mercy-seat.

Mrs. Booth has also been continually a-travel, having conducted strenuous Congress gatherings in Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Canada East and West, as well as numerous Councils and soul-saving campaigns in Great Britain.

It is worthy of remark here that The Army has received tributes to its work, of a heartiness unprecedented in our history. The President of Germany, of the United States, of Chile, and of Paraguay have been won in their support of Army endeavor. During the year the General was received in audience by the King of Denmark and President Doumergue of France. Queen Mary graced with



Mrs. Colonel Turner

quished the command, and Commissioner Hurren succeeded her to that important post.

Several of our leading Officers retired, among whom were Commissioner Ogrin, and our late Territorial Leader, Commissioner Richards.

Large missionary reinforcements were despatched to South, West and East Africa, India, Java, Brazil and other parts.

The General's second daughter, Lieut.-Colonel Mary, was made a Territorial Commander, taking charge of our work in Germany.

The year was not without its severe shocks, for a number of our most trusted Officers were promoted to Glory. Among the number were

Lieut.-Colonel Gugelmann, Dutch Indies; Colonel Whiller, England; Colonel P. van Rossum, Holland; Colonel Pugmire, of England; Commissioner McAlonan, Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, after forty-three years devoted service, laid down his sword. Another grievous loss was that of Lieut.-Commissioner Povlsen, of Holland. Brigadier Peat, Territorial Commander for Kenya also answered the roll call.

The General's Seventieth Year Birthday Scheme was launched, aiming to secure one million dollars for the furtherance of our work in missionary countries.

The first edition of Mrs. Booth's latest book, "Likeness to God" and later "Echoes and Memories" by the General, were run off the press.

The first Kenya Band in Nairobi native Corps was organized.

"SILENT CAL." SPEAKS

President Coolidge, of the United States, has come into possession of that significant soliloquy—"Silent Cal." He has, however, been breaking his silence to some purpose during the past few weeks, and his utterances on religion and moral matters are worthy of broadcasting afar. For instance, consider the following two pithy subjects:

"What the youth of the country need is not more public control through governmental action, but more home control through parental action."

"It is not enough that there should be action in the pulpits—there must be reaction in the pews. It will not be sufficient to have exalted preaching by the clergy unless there is exalted living by the laity."

ODDMENTS

The President of the Republic of Paraguay gave audience to Lieut.-Colonel Coles on the occasion of his tour through the South American Territory.

On the occasion of their visit to Abeokuta, West Africa, with the Cadets, Captain and Mrs. Corbett received special invitation from His Highness The Alake to visit him at his palace. His Highness expressed delight with the progress The Army is making and wished it success.

The sixth Eventide Home for old ladies, in Sweden, has recently been opened.

"The War Cry" of the West Indies Territory increased in circulation by 1,000 copies during 1925.

Aberdeen Salvationists felt more than ordinarily proud of the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards, when, with flags flying, they took their place in the Guard of Honor to their Majesties, the King and Queen, who recently visited the Granite City for the purpose of opening the Hall of Remembrance to the 5,000 warriors whose lives were lost in the Great War.

The forty-first anniversary of the Women's Social Work was held in London, England, on November 19th.

Colonel Yamamoto recently was a privileged visitor to the Japanese Association in London. About seventy prominent business men, students and members of the Japanese Embassy were present. Mr. Yamamoto, of the Yokohama Specie Bank Co., Ltd., who is an author and song-writer of national fame, presided at this gathering.

Lieut.-Colonel Clark, Chief Secretary for Native Work in South Africa, had an interesting audience when he addressed a crowd of revellers engaged in a wild bacchanal. Some were convicted, some were amused, and some were disgusted to find cause they were disturbed in their beer drinking.

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Colonel Gugelmann, Dutch East
Colonel Whiller, England; Col-
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McGuire, of England. Com-
The Salvation Army Assi-
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Where Christmas was Created

A Glimpse of the Wonderful Land of Palestine and some Seasonable Thoughts Thereon

By COLONEL CHARLES KNOTT, Canada West

THE shaping of the history of Palestine is the story of an immense past. Prophetic utterances of past centuries have blended strangely with the facts of life and testimony—each echoing in no uncertain sound the vibrating chords of truth. It is a country destined and prepared for strange events and hallowed by the life, works and death of our great Redeemer — a land not destined for secular greatness, but for revelation.

One cannot think of the country without thinking of Jerusalem—the City of the soul—a City of spiritual inspiration. True, it is a city of many arrows—no City has been besieged, taken and retaken, more often than Jerusalem.

The streets of no City have run with more blood of human beings than the Holy City, and yet so strange but so true—God chose to put His name on it and make it the candlestick for the Light of the world.

Here nations are bound together in and around the City by the symbol of the Cross and the Churches they have erected.

Jerusalem is first mentioned in the Bible (Josh. 18:28) as Jebus, which is Jerusalem. David brought Goliath's head and the shields of gold of Jerusalem. They carried the ark of God to Jerusalem. The Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem with a very great train.

Jerusalem is the object of many tears. The Saviour wept over it exclaiming, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killst the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." (Matthew 23:37.)

The Bible is the best guide-book to Syria. Here the fig-tree planted in the vineyard, here the tower guarding the winepress, unmuzzled oxen trampling out the corn on the threshing floors from whence the wind drives the chaff. Women still coming to the wells for water or sitting two at the grinding-mill.

Israel's greatness lay solely in the knowledge of the Lord—all other experiments in greatness failed.

Consider the Roman conquerors and Christ. Rome was about His cradle and His grave. He was brought to Bethlehem for a Roman taxation. He was delivered to a Roman judge, to Roman soldiers and crucified on a Roman cross.

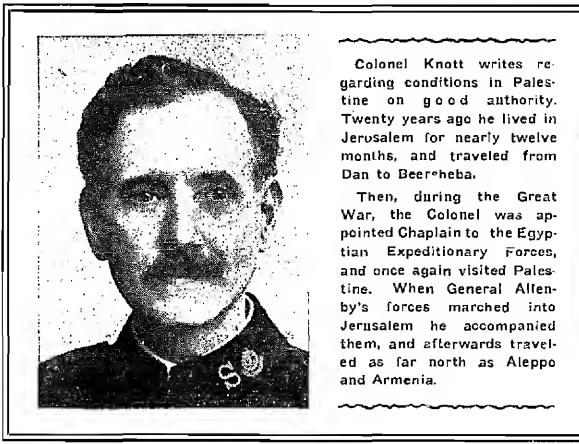
To see the Russian pilgrims in Palestine, poor and ignorant, but with simple, yet strong faith, is an inspiring sight. To visit Palestine to them is to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Bathing in the Jordan, filling their bottles, dipping their winding sheets in the water—it all signifies self-denial prompted by the purest desire to escape from deluding society to cleanliness of faith.

Environment counts for much in national life—the environment of Palestine is sea and desert. It is a great oasis—a fertile resting-place for travelers from Egypt to Mesopotamia between which nations she was ever a buffer state in war and politics.

The sea she never took for a friend.

She may exult in the fact that God has His path on the great waters, but she does not venture there herself. She looks upon it as a place to cast

Palestine can never be seen but as a miracle of life and beauty rescued from the desert. The desert is a place of retreat and calm, where new rev-



Colonel Knott writes re-
garding conditions in Palesti-
ne on good authority.
Twenty years ago he lived in
Jerusalem for nearly twelve
months, and traveled from
Dan to Beerheba.

Then, during the Great
War, the Colonel was ap-
pointed Chaplain to the Egyptian
Expeditionary Forces, and once again visited Palesti-
ne. When General Allen-
by's forces marched into
Jerusalem he accompanied them, and afterwards traveled
as far north as Aleppo and Armenia.

evil things beyond the chance of re-
appearing. Sins are to be cast into it
and offenders with millstones round
their necks.

The desert was Israel's real neighbor. The Israelite knew its horrors and yet loved it. Some authorities speak of a sand depth of 600 feet—yet it is not all consecrated to death and will never be so long as the nomad Arabs and their flocks keep wandering. The Arab fears the walled city. The desert has even broken the barrier of the Jordan and encroached west of the river. The fierce storms drive the sand into the country and only by sheer force of physical effort on the part of the farmers is the desert held in check.

Palestine still bears the very breath of the desert—its winds blast the crops and destroy the cattle.

Visitors from the West are often disappointed and as they move from place to place their wonder grows as they recall the Biblical descriptions of the land flowing with milk and honey.

A man coming in from the desert sees trees and fountains, not as they are in themselves, but as they contrast with the burning sands. The sound of wind through the rustling leaves or the ripple of the water are to him as the speech of a god. The very barrenness of the desert becomes a challenge to hope and faith—“streams shall break forth there and the desert shall blossom as the rose.”

CHRISTMASTIDE has many pleasing characteristics—the young look forward to it as a season for

climatis are found. David, Elijah, Paul, Mohammed, all betook themselves to the solitude. Jesus was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness.

Palestine's worst enemy was her wickedness. The land was a place of decaying body and shiftless spirit. A glimpse of the country suggests it. It is not merely stoned, but it seems to have been stoned to death for its own sins. The scattered ruins of old vineyards and village walls, neglected plains and valleys once rich, were turned into a wilderness, the hillsides where terracing and irrigation flourished were monuments of decay. Palestine was an ideal training ground for a nation to learn righteously.

The great Healer is still going about the land doing good and although unrecognized He, the Christ, is gradually winning back the country to Himself.

Having now given some glimpses of the land of Palestine—where Christmas was created—let me conclude with some thoughts springing therefrom and having a particular application to the great Festival we are celebrating at this season of the year.

God's Gift to You

God gave! He is always giving, but Christmas commemorates the greatest of all His gifts.

The heart that desires a satisfying foundation upon which to build confidence in God can most surely find it in contemplation of this aspect of His all-abounding goodness.

Men give for various reasons. They give because they expect to receive in return. They give because they fear that to withhold will bring trouble upon them. They give for a thousand reasons which better knowledge would show to be foolish.

But God is not subject to the limitations of human nature. He is almighty, and so is not influenced by fear. He is all-wise, and so never acts foolishly. Thus when God gives the heart may find in the gift the truest satisfaction, knowing without the shadow of a doubt that His giving is that of pure love.

Many gifts may come to you this Yuletide, but none can compare with God's priceless gift of Salvation through His Son, freely given and yours but for the taking. Despite it not.

merry-making, the giving and receiving of gifts. The happy journeying to spend the holiday in the dear old home, that place of childhood's memories of parental love and care, and the centre of youthful escapades and adventures. What an attraction the thought of Christmas has had through those waiting months—what expectations it has created, which have made the burdens of life easier to bear, and sped Father Time along to the happy culmination of their longings.

Expectation is one of the great forerunners of Christmas experiences. Expectations are visions of things we hope to realize. It was Ahaz the King, who spoke those wonderful words of prophetic value—“Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Emmanuel.” (Isaiah 7:14.) Such words were not permitted to be lost or forgotten as if they were newspaper reports to satisfy the shifting thoughts of men. No, they were preserved and that, in spite of changes in language resulting from the numerous conquests that raged in that Land of Promise, and in spite of the infidel and heathen who overran the country of Pades fine, destroying temples and manuscripts in vain hopes of exterminating all traces of God's holy Word.

Thus it was that the Word of the Lord in the mouth of Ahaz the King was preserved and handed down from generation to generation until a strange spirit of expectation was upon the people. In the wilderness one John was preaching, saying, “Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. This is He that was spoken of by the prophet Esajas.” “Then went out to Him Jerusalem and all Judea.”

In the cities it was the same. At Nazareth an angel visited the home of one Joseph and named the child already unborn. “Thon shall call His name Jesus.” Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet.

Then away down east of the Jordan, over desert places, the wise men had grown curious and strangely moved in their spirits because they had “seen His star in the east.”

Now all these expectations were not fantastic dreams or groundless forebodings; they were the result of the moving forward of the will and purposes of God which would culminate in the vindication of His Word spoken by the mouth of His prophets that one should come who would actually be “God with us.”

It has been said that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization. Well, we will not begrudge the old dispensation any of the joys that came to them from their conviction-born expectations, but we shall do well to copy their good example as we approach this another anniversary of the birth of Christ.

Our highest expectations cannot outrun the lofty heights of His possibilities, for “He can do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

Our deepest need cannot outgrow or cancel the expectations raised by the promise, “God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” With these exceeding great and precious promises let us approach this season for the giving of gifts with great expectations, remembering that he who gets must give.

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN
The Salvation Army

IN CANADA EAST
NEWFOUNDLAND
AND BERMUDA

General-
BRAMWELL
BOOTH

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commander—
Commissioner CHARLES SOWTON
James and Albert Street, Toronto

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, East, Newfoundland and Bermuda, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

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All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Marriage:—Captain Roland DeChamp, out of Shelburne, stationed at Parrsboro, to Captain Lillie Simons, out of Toronto VI, last stationed at Springhill, on November 3rd, 1925, at Parrsboro, by Major Ritchie.

CHARLES SOWTON,
Commissioner.

GREETINGS

As the gracious and hallowed season of Christmas again approaches, we gladly seize this opportunity to extend to every one of our readers those friendly greetings and hearty good wishes we would be so happy to express to each of you face to face on Christmas morning.

We wish you and yours a Christ-mas of peace and plenty and good health, made glad by the gifts of love and friendship and sweet memories. May also, happiness and every worth-while thing attend your footsteps throughout the New Year, and may there be nothing to mar the gladness of the way.—"The War Cry."

THE GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY SCHEME

Encouraging reports are being received from all over the Territory in regard to the progress of this scheme. Sales of work, demonstrations, musical festivals, and special efforts of various kinds are proving fruitful income-gatherers in this connection.

Fifteen pledges have already been received for the provision of a village hall, costing \$500.00. They are as follows: Halifax 1, Montreal 1, Dovercourt, West Toronto, Ottawa 1, Yorkville, Riverdale, Windsor, the Toronto Temple, Hamilton 1, St. Thomas, Training Garrison, Saint John 1 and III (combined).

We are hoping to hear from about twelve more in the near future.

\$500.00 has been donated by Dr. and Mrs. Conboy, Toronto, and arrangements have been made to use the money in building a hall at Tittivill, South Travancore. "Conboy Hall" will be the name of the building.

Another warm friend in the person of Mr. D. D. Moshier, Toronto, has contributed \$500.00 for a hall to be erected "In loving memory of Mary Jane Moshier," his wife.

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Duee will arrive in Canada East in January, and it is expected that their presence and ministry in our midst will considerably stimulate interest in our missionary work.

OUR BUSY LEADER

As we go to press the Commissioner, with Mrs. Sowton, is in the thick of a Salvation Campaign down east. Sunday and Monday, December 6th and 7th, were spent at Montreal 1 and Sherbrooke respectively. The next point of attack was scheduled for Sussex, in the Maritimes. Moncton, Sackville, Summerside, and Charlottetown, P.E.I. are also being visited.

Upon his return to Toronto the Commissioner will face a number of Yuletide engagements in the Queen City, and will spend the last night of 1925 at the Toronto Temple. It will thus be seen that our Territorial Leader winds up the year with a tightly packed fortnight of meetings, although, to be sure, no more tightly packed than any other season of Commissioner Sowton's busy life.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Comrades and friends will be sorry to hear that the marked improvement in the Chief Secretary's health, which took place in the Summer, has not been maintained, and he is again suffering with anaemia and low blood pressure. In the circumstances, and consequent upon urgent medical advice, arrangements are being made for him to spend a few weeks in a warmer climate.

We bespeak prayer for the Colonel, who has rendered invaluable and busy service to The Army for the past thirty-seven years, and will not take easily to absence from the battle's front. Mrs. Powley, who will feel the enforced separation keenly, will also have a sure place in the remembrance of all.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

It is going with a swing. The Editorial Department is being deluged with reports giving accounts of soul-saving victories. Many Corps where converts are usually made in ones and twos, have been enjoying seasons of exceptional blessing, and seekers have literally lined the pentecostal form during the past few weeks.

The Commissioner is delighted with the hearty manner in which Officers and comrades are co-operating in carrying out the plan set forth in the campaign booklet.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Santa Claus is now busily engaged at Territorial Headquarters, getting his sack packed with good things. But you will not see The Army Santa Claus unless you are poor or without a job, or friendless, or up against it. The Territorial Social Secretary and his army of workers are turning up their shirt-sleeves, and scores of others are to be in attendance on the genial old happiness-bringer.

You will remember the joy Santa Claus brought in his train last year. In Toronto alone 47,983 men were fed in street line-ups, over 8,000 breakfasts were supplied to poor men who slept in Police Stations, 9,772 beds and meals were given to other needy souls, 4,626 temporary and permanent jobs were found for men, 900 needy men were given a New Year's dinner, 307 families were supplied with a Christmas dinner, 1,608 families were supplied with provisions for one week, while 6,300 pieces of clothing, furniture, etc., were distributed.

This year 900 Christmas baskets will be distributed amongst needy families. They will contain beef, a Christmas pudding, and almost a week's provisions. Christmas cheer will also be distributed to men and women prisoners in Ontario and other parts, and also to the wounded soldiers in Christie Street Hospital. Clothing will be given to the needy and there are many other projects to bring some gladness to the less fortunate, states Colonel Noble, the Financial Secretary.

You, reader, can assist in this happiness—scattering by sending along your cheque to Commissioner Sowton, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton

Conduct Bright, Busy and Blessed SUNDAY CAMPAIGN in MONTREAL

FURLoughing MISSIONARY OFFICERS PARTICIPATE

INITIALLY the Commissioner's "Down east" tour was a Sunday campaign spent with Mrs. Sowton in the Island Metropolis—Montreal. The day was commenced at the Alexandra Men's Metropole. Recently renovated without and within, this handsome edifice is a building of which The Army has cause to be proud. The meeting place was packed to overflowing, and a warm greeting was extended by Major Byers and Field-Major Parsons to the Territorial Leaders.

What song is more appropriate for such a crowd of friendless men than "What a Friend we have in Jesus?" And to hear those men sing! It was not without significance that the remarks made from the platform during the meeting were punctuated with many fervent "Hail Jihns" and "Amen"—an evidence surely of the good work already wrought.

The heart-messages, uttered by Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, found their mark. Tangible evidence of this was forthcoming in the concluding hallowed moments when seven raised their hands, signifying their desire for prayer, and three made a public surrender. One of these seekers had been in jail all summer and in this memorable way "abraded his release. What better way could be found?

Montreal Citadel was the scene of glorious triumphs, during the remainder of the day. Of more than usual interest was the presence of Captain and Mrs. Littler, visitors from China, who are furloughing at present in Montreal. In this, as in other meetings, they were made doubly welcome, for Mrs. Littler is one of their own "girls."

Mrs. Major Macdonald, in the absence of the Divisional Commander, owing to indisposition, warmly welcomed the Territorial Leaders in the early part of the meeting.

A message, pregnant with light, was uttered by Mrs. Sowton. "We can tie the hands of God," she said, "by our unwillingness. The secret of a Christian's success is in being obedient." Meaningful words. "Of course there would be obstacles and set-backs," she continued, "the joy of the Lord will be your strength."

The gist of the Commissioner's address, which was attentively heard, and we believe heeded, was that the eyes of the true disciple should be fixed upon God, and that nothing should be permitted to distract his attention. Many true-to-life distractions were mentioned and their danger, perhaps hitherto unrecognized to a certain extent, was vividly portrayed. One seeker came forward for the blessing.

The comrades of Montreal may not be given to a violent display of emotions, but there is a solidly and a sincerity about them which is felt rather than seen. Bearing this in mind there is every reason to believe that much was accomplished during the Holiness meeting that will endure.

The East linked hands with the West in the afternoon. Captain and Mrs. Littler, attired in the bright-colored costumes of the land of their adoption, made a vivid splash of color against the more sombre hues of uniforms on the platform. Their presence was the more fitting in view of the missionary character of the meeting.

There were many interesting episodes during the afternoon. Mrs. Commandant Tuck was presented by Mrs. Commissioner Sowton with a Long Service Badge indicating twenty-five years' Officership. The birthday box,

in accordance with the usual custom, was produced and many deposited therein coppers, equivalent to the number of their years. The Band essayed, with pleasing effect, the selection "In Emmanuel's Praise," one of the latest in the Festival series.

Mrs. Captain Little, when called upon by the Commissioner to speak, related vividly some of her experiences in the Orient. Though she felt it was grand to be home once again, she assured her audience that she was quite prepared to return to China, for she dearly loved the people. Of the rapid march of The Army's work she had an encouraging report. There were, when she landed nine years ago, only two Corps in the country. There are now fifty, and the work continues to grow. The greatest difficulty was not to get crowds but to accommodate them.

Captain Little, whose name in Chinese signifies "fruit and trees," also spoke, and his remarks concerning the great Chinese Republic were especially enlightening.

In concluding this memorable meeting, Mrs. Sowton's words were extremely fitting. "We do praise God," she said, "that His Salvation applies the needs of all peoples. We must still continue to spread the glorious news of liberty and light."

Gracious influences prevailed during the final gathering, and the wave of conviction which swept over the meeting, and the surrenders were undoubtedly the result of the mighty spirit of faith and prayer that was exercised by Officers and comrades alike. Major Byers' petition in prayer was beautifully supplemented by the appealing song of the Singers.

Captain Little gave a convincing talk, and that redoubtable trio—Sergeant-Major Colley, Treasurer Douglas and Secretary Pryde, who were at the front of the battle all day—contributed their quota to the success of the meeting.

Our Leader and Mrs. Sowton both spoke with effect. The Commissioner silhouetted a well-known figure in the New Testament, and drew a powerful lesson therefrom. God's Spirit was felt in power in the prayer meeting, which was led by Admet Wright. The fruit of the effort was seen in six sinners kneeling at the Cross.

TERSEITIES

Brother W. V. Smith, an old and faithful Salvation Soldier, resident at Odessa, has been promoted to Glory.

Brother Brett, Ottawa Hospital, has been ill for several weeks; Captain M. Bottomley, of Hamilton, Josephine Bottomley, recently underwent an operation at Bloor Street Hospital, and Captain Fred Dixon, who for some time has been ill, is now recovering. Pray for these comrades.

Halifax Hospital Graduation ceremony will take place early in January.

Mr. Alfred Maguire, former Mayor of Toronto, is announced to preside over a Musical Festival to be rendered by the Bands of Dovercourt, Temple, and Riverdale Corps, at the Toronto Temple, on the evening of Monday, December 28th.

Symphony is extended to Sister the King (wife of Bandmaster King) in the Toronto Temple. Our comrade received word of the passing of her mother, a highly esteemed veteran Salvationist of Perth, Scotland.

Mr. A. Norman, an early-day officer of The Salvation Army in Canada, has passed away in Hamilton. Believing his Officership, consequent on continued health and unbroken brotherhood, remained loyal friends of the Army, Salvationists will remember his Norman in prayer at this time.

TO TAKE the retrospective may not always be of wisdom. There are many cases where it is of arms, who have won victories from battle, fresh courage and determination, during a full life of their valiant exploits. A soldier of Christ never renewed confidence, and songs awakening in his

MRS. BOOTH, distinguished
of our Fall Congress

glimpse back, with its ripples, how "Hitherto hath the

Thus, for us Salvationists to give recollection is as we approach the end of a New Year, will pulse to step forward, will with buoyant, optimistic, with yet bigger faith for victorious conquest in the Cause in which we wield.

Recall January, 1925, a territorial Commander's inspired effort to the "Win Another" re-echoes in one's ears. I that set hearts a-throb, Salvationists, young and new, onslaught on the evil.

The magnificent spiritual Leader, who, in Mrs. Sowton and Colonel Macdonald, conducted campaigns all over the territory—in one strenuous campaign he held nine meetings, was not the least of the spiritual factors, and I seconded in his endeavor Chief Secretary and other Officers of the Territory.

The outcome was seen, months which followed, round strengthening of many-sided endeavor.

These were cold months which were no less busy of persons; free meals, hostel facilities, etc., for the poor—all these handling, and represent a momentary glimpse of the realities during the winter months.

One can but briefly note the salient happenings which have progressed. Among the most notable is the growth of "Sister the King" (wife of Bandmaster King) from a twelve-year-old novice to a fully mature sixteen-year-old. The celebration of his sixtieth birthday, the opening of the new City Temple, the parent Corps, the of which was laid by the Queen, during the previous year, furnished an impressive sight. The Army's advent in the days of '82, since which marvellous strides have Close on the heels of

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MONTREAL

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red. Mugure, former Mayor of is announced to provide over a festival to be centered by the Dowercourt, Temple, and Corps, at the Toronto Test meeting of Monday, December

by is extended to Sister Mrs. of Hamilton King, of Temple. One comrade has received the passing of her most esteemed veteran Salvation Seethan.

Norman, an early-day Officer in the Canadian Army, has died in Hamilton. His son, a consequence of an accident, has promoted brother, and his much-loved wife, of the Salvationists will remember him in prayer at this time.

TO TAKE the retrospective view may not always be the dictate of wisdom. There are, however, many cases where it is justified. Men of arms, who have emerged victorious from battle, may gather fresh courage and determination from viewing, during a lull in a combat, their valiant exploits. Even so, the soldier of Christ never fails to find renewed confidence, and to discover songs awakening in his heart, from a



MRS. BOOTH, distinguished leader of our Fall Congress gatherings.

glimpse back, with its reminders of how "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Thus, for us Salvationists of Canada East to give recollection a few minutes play as we approach the threshold of a New Year, will furnish impulse to step forward to the unknown with buoyant, optimistic stride, and with yet bigger faith for a year of victorious conquest for the great Cause in which we wield our blades.

Recall January, 1925, and the Territorial Commander's inspiring battle-cry to the "Win Another" Campaign re-echoes in one's ear. It was a call that set hearts afire, and stirred Salvationists, young and old, to renewed onslaught on the powers of evil.

The magnificent spirit of our Territorial Leader, who, supported by Mrs. Sowton and Colonel Adby, conducted campaigns all over the Territory—in one strenuous nine days' campaign he held nineteen meetings—not the least of the inspirational factors, and he was ably seconded in his endeavors by the Chief Secretary and other prominent Officers of the Territory.

The outcome was seen during the months which followed, in an all round strengthening of The Army's many-sided endeavor.

These were cold months, and the Social Officers were not the least busy of persons; free meals to hungry men, hostel facilities, cheap clothing for the poor—all these things take handling, and represent but a fragmentary glimpse of the Social activities during the Winter months.

One can but briefly mention many of the salient happenings as the year progressed. Among these must be noted the growth of "The Young Soldier" from a twelve-page to a fully mature sixteen-page; the Commissioner's celebration, on January 16th, of his sixtieth birthday, and the opening of the new Citadel at Toronto's parent Corps—the corner stone of which was laid by the General during the previous year. This event furnished an impressive reminder of The Army's advent in the turbulent days of '82, since which truly marvelous strides have been made.

Close on the heels of this opening

"What mercies have marked the road! The backward gaze should give a tonic to faith and purpose, and an impetus to determination that should make the new year glisten with exploits for the Kingdom which will outshine any yet emblazoned on the records of the past."

came another addition to The Army's property list in the Territory, Lady Byng, wife of Canada's Governor-General, opening a new Rescue Home in the Capital City—spoken of as the best equipped of such institutions in the Dominion. When it is remembered that 499 unmarried mothers found sanctity in Salvation Army Homes last year the real value to our Social Work of such a building will be recognized. The Home, which has accommodation for fifty women and children, involved an expenditure of \$42,331.

The following week saw Commissioner Sowton opening a finely-located and beautiful Hall at Verdun, still another Citadel at Cobourg, and witnessed the flinging open of the doors of the charmingly-appointed Catherine Booth Mothers' Hospital in Montreal by General Sir Arthur Currie.

In February, also, came an impressive day of Young People's Councils conducted by the Territorial Commander and Mrs. Sowton, when over 1,300 young people attended, and 153 knelt at the Altar.

An event which stands out boldly among its fellows of distinction was the dedication, by the Commissioner, at Lisgar Street, of four young Officers for Missionary service—Captain and Mrs. Weilbourn, Captain Leonard Eveden, and Captain Emily Ashby (now Mrs. Captain Barr)—brave hearts who are doing valiant service to-day in the Far East.

This brings us up to Easter with its big Rally and Parade, its mammoth Demonstration in the Massey and its memorable Sunday meetings, events which were quickly followed by a flying visit from Commissioner Mapp, who called at the Queen City during a business visit which took him through Northern America; and a



COMMISSIONER MAPP, who visited us twice during the year.

further new Hall opening, this time at Greenwood, Toronto's twenty-fourth Corps.

Meanwhile, in Bermuda, the Chief Secretary, supported by the Editor, was conducting an effective campaign which gave a marked impetus to the work in those sun-kissed Isles of the sun.

The raising of the record sum of \$372,395 for the Self-Denial Fund was an outstanding happening of the mid-months of the year, and following

this gift of bullion for The Salvation War came Canada East's gift of seventy young men and women for service as Officers, the commissioning taking place in Massey Hall in the presence of an enthusiastic gathering.

July recorded the celebration of Founder's Day in Exhibition Park, and a further impressive development in the Women's Social Work was registered when the doors of the enlarged premises of the Women's Hospital in the Queen City, which had been acquired at a cost of nearly \$140,000, were thrown open, the equipment of the premises having been brought into line with the latest developments in medical science.

Newfoundland's thirty-eighth Congress looms large in the picture at this period. During the year the Sub-Territory, under Colonel Cloud, had been recording God-glorifying advances in its various departments of activity, and the Congress Campaign, conducted by Commissioner Sowton, who was the occasion of great gatherings, intense spiritual influences, and had fruitage in eighty-two seekers.

August saw a further gift from Canada to non-Christian lands when the Chief Secretary conducted the farewell of Captain and Mrs. Sparks and Captain Hawkes to India, and these comrades were followed to the East a little later by Captains Agnes Wilerton and Mary Smith, who were also appointed to India, and Lieutenant Pearl March, who left for China.

During the following month came ninety odd of Canada's zealous youth to the School of the Prophets to train for Officership, and during the same period were recorded important Home League gatherings conducted by Mrs. Commissioner Sowton and the Territorial Home League Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Powley, which inaugurated the Winter effort of this distinctly helpful phase of Army work.

Interesting visitors from the centre at this time were Commissioner and Mrs. Lamb, who were commencing a world-tour in the interest of Army immigration affairs, and then came the big event of the year—the Congress. The memorable Massey Hall gatherings, conducted by Mrs. Booth, who was accompanied by Commissioner Mapp and Staff-Captain Dora, will be fresh in the minds of all who were privileged to be present. The Soldiers' and Recruits' Rally, on the Saturday evening, when the capacious hall was filled with a buoyant throng of Salvationists coming from all parts of the Territory, was a prelude to a day's meetings which are written large in Canada East's history. The afternoon gathering, over which His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Harry Cockshutt presided, and the gloriously fruitful evening meetings at the Massey and Pantages, were top-notch events, and Monday night's Demonstration brought to a brilliant conclusion a series of gatherings, the full harvesting of which cannot easily be computed, and which without doubt gave marked impulse to Army endeavor throughout the Territory.

It was about this time that some important Staff changes took place. Colonel Ottawa's retirement brought Colonel Morthen to the chief desk in the Men's Social Department, while

Colonel Adby became Territorial Young People's and Candidates' Secretary, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrave was appointed to the charge of the Subscribers' and Special Efforts Departments. Changes affecting Divisional commandships, included the transfer of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore to Hamilton Division, Brigadier Bross to East Toronto, Major Ritchie to Halifax, Staff-Captain Owen to Sydney, and Staff-Captain Best to Ottawa.

Quickly tumbling over one another came important events such as Armistice Day celebrations, at which The Army was represented by the Chief Secretary, who took part, the flying visit of Colonel Bell, who passed through the Territory on his way back to Australia South, and then, at the beginning of November, the bugle call rang out again as the Territorial Leader called for a great forward push during the Winter months. Adopting the slogan, "Every Soldier a soul-winner," and with the ob-



COMMISSIONER SOWTON, our esteemed Territorial Leader.

jective a fifteen per cent all round increase, the campaign has been taken up in a vigorous manner; in one recent week the recorded dispatches from the Field alone totaled over 250 seekers at the mercy-seat.

But could all the multitudinous detail of Army activities, in the Canada East Territory and the Sub-Territory of Newfoundland which clamor for notice be recorded, a whole volume would be required; the accomplishments in the Men's and Women's Social Departments, the activities of the Young People's Branch, and the Immigration Department, as well as the chronicles of the incessant journeys of the Territorial Leaders, the Chief Secretary, the Field Secretary, and other prominent Officers, would furnish sufficient interesting material for a whole "War Cry."

The golden retrospect is not wholly untouched by cloud. There have passed from our ranks warriors of revered memory who have earned their eternal reward, among the Officers being the veteran Brigadier Alexander McMillan, Commandant Samuel Bishop of Newfoundland, and Captain Arthur Neville of Seaford; and there are others whose names are strongly linked with Canada, including Mrs. Colonel Pignatire, who passed away in England, Staff-Captain Mrs. Walter, of India, and Field-Major Noemie Cabrit.

No Salvationist, glancing back from the 1926 mile-post along the adventurous 1925 road, can fail to be filled with jubilant praise to our never-failing Source of Strength to whose name alone all glory and honor is due.

What mercies have marked the road! The backward gaze should give a tonic to faith and purpose, and an impetus to determination that should make the new year glisten with exploits for the Kingdom which will outshine any yet emblazoned on the records of the past.

UNDER THE FLAG IN CANADA EAST DURING 1925



FOR Our Musical Fraternity

THE NEW BAND JOURNAL

Journals No. 935-938

SONGS OF BLESSING FOR EVERY HEART

Shout aloud Salvation.
O ne there is above all others.
N ear Thy cross assembled
Master.
G uide me, O Thou Great
Jehovah.
S weet hour of prayer.
O ne there is above all others.
F rom every stain made clean.
B y faith I view my Saviour
dying.
L ead, Kindly Light, amid the
enveiling gloom.
E xtended on a cursed tree.
S un of my soul, Thou Saviour
dear.
S ometimes I'm tried with toil
and care.
I nto a tent where a gipsy boy
lay.
N ot my own, but saved by
Jesus.
G ive me the wings of Faith to
rise.

—W. E. W.

"WHY DO THEY DO IT?" An Outsider Answers His Own Question

There has come to notice a letter in the daily press in which the writer eulogizes the sacrificial labors of Army Bandsman. The letter deserves wider publicity, for though it refers to Salvation endeavor in one particular corner of the Territory, it applies equally to our musical comrades everywhere.

"I would like a little space in your valuable paper," the writer says, "to air my feelings with reference to The Salvation Army in St. Thomas. I have lived in this city for about eight years, and I have noticed, during that time, Salvationists every Sabbath morning, in all kinds of weather, in some part of the city, holding their services."

"There are many people in this Canada of ours who will do things for show, or to make themselves popular, or may do it for financial gain. But I understand this Band is made up of nothing more than people who work hard through the week to earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. What are they doing this for, Sabbath after Sabbath?"

"I understand they do not receive one cent of salary, nor do they have a mouth or two holdings. It must be they are thorough Christian men and women and are doing it for your sake and mine. I happened to be at the Memorial Hospital the other Sabbath morning when this Band stood on the street for about three-quarters of an hour playing and singing some of the most beautiful hymns. I thought at the time that this playing and singing, so well done, would console every patient in that hospital who heard it. We are glad that there are St. Pauls in our world to-day, some who are thinking of the other fellow. Let us give them praise and wish there were more like them. May God bless them in their work of love.—D. A. G."

FRESH from the printing machines comes to hand the new Band Journal which contains, as usual, two marches and two selections.

Journal No. 935, "In the Firing Line," is Adjutant Brauwell Coles' latest published march. This is the sort of march which will furnish material for either parade purposes or festival use. It can be easily marred by being taken at too high a tempo. The metronome indication, 112 to the minute, must on no account be exceeded.

There are rhythmic melodies here which cry out loudly not to be hustled and hustled along in the persecuted way so much of our march music is. Bandmasters should see that the drummer understands he must control the tempo on the march, and in the festival, he himself must be prepared to learn from the greatest march playing exponent, Sousa, and take his marches with that steady rhythmic swing which gives a compelling impulse to every bar. Do not be led astray in march playing by the ignorant example of some Bandmasters of secular combinations who hope to gain in effect by rushing a march off its feet and in the end lose far more than they gain.

No. 936 is a selection, "My Shepherd," from the pen of Brigadier Hawkes. The vocal material incorporated includes "The King of Love My Shepherd is," arranged partly for full Band and partly as a euphonium solo. "The Shepherd True," a beautiful song which lingers chiefly in a minor key, is the second item, being treated as a euphonium solo.

The chorus is in quartet form for two cornets and two trombones, with an obligato for the soprano and a vocal accompaniment. This movement is repeated with an entirely new arrangement of parts. The third vocal item is "Jesus, Shepherd of our souls"; the melody, which is of a pastoral character, is chiefly in the bass parts. The well known tune set to the words "Thou Shepherd of Israel," furnishes the final item. This is a fine bold setting with many points of interest.

The selection contains much in the way of contrast and has many arresting moments. There will be a call upon the executive abilities of the players, although the selection should not prove difficult to master.

"Pardon and Peace," a selection by Bandmaster Marshall, is the third number. Designed expressly for Sunday night gatherings, the music endeavors to depict the peace which comes from a perfect knowledge of sins forgiven and a happy relationship with God.

The Army songs incorporated include a tune to the words, "He pardoned a rebel like me," "Oh yes I'm saved today," a trombone solo, and "At peace with God," a cornet solo.

There is much music which is at variance with an atmosphere of peace, the idea apparently being to show the turnoff through which the soul passes to peace. There are some difficulties in the selection, the chief being the conflicting rhythms occasionally employed and the tonality,

and some patient practice may be necessary before this number is ready for presentation.

Journal No. 938 furnishes the second march on the sheet. It is entitled "The Balmham March," being written by Bandmaster Sheriff of that Corps in London. This is his first appearance in the Journal, although our comrade has had several of his songs in the "Musical Salvationist." For the bass solo we have the chorus of a song by Brigadier Hawkes entitled, "Lord, hear while we pray," while the trio is comprised of one of the Bandmaster's own song melodies. There is no difficult ground here, and with due attention to various details the march should very quickly take shape.

THE BASS DRUMMER

A WORD TO MEN OF THE STICKS

By Bandsman Charles Hoe (London, Ontario)

Upon every Salvation Army Bandsman is the responsibility of playing his instrument efficiently, and the bass drummer is no exception. He, with the rest, should know how to handle his job.

Our up-to-date music demands a musically drummer who can read drum music, understand the musical terms which enable him to play with the proper expression, and can keep time.

There is a great tendency for the Band while playing a spirited march to quicken the speed when a double forte passage is reached. But the bass drummer must be the metronome for the Band and not allow speeding up in the louder, and dragging in the softer, passages. He can be a great help to the Bandmaster in this matter.

When playing elsewhere than on the march, the drum should be placed in such a position that, while reading his music, the drummer can see the Bandmaster, so that when the tempo of the music changes, as in an accelerando, he can work with the Bandmaster to bring the Band to the new tempo.

At no time should the drum be played so loudly as to obscure the playing of the brass. Even in double forte passages, the drummer must remember that his strong right arm wielding the stick and applied to the drum-head is a greater noise producer than any pair of lungs forcing wind through valves and tubes. The drummer who is a true musician is never guilty of this over-loud drumming.

Concerning the use of two sticks, unless a man can really handle them expertly, it is far better just to use one, and be right on the beat and play with expression.

A drummer who fills his job must essentially be a hard worker. He is one of the "burden bearers" of the Band, and, to keep his drum in shape, he must put in extra hours pulling up the rope, polishing the shell, whitening the cord, etc. What looks better than our Army drum kept shining, with cords white and crest proclaiming to the world our motto "Blood-and-Fire?"

Our Salvation Army drums have often been used as penitent-forms, where seekers have knelt and found salvation. So, drummer, honor and

(Continued at foot of next column)

December 1914

MUSIC FOR HEALTH

"It was suggested to me a year ago that there was a need for an Anthology of Poetry to be a mental tonic and sedative. Only quiet poems, such as the night and to a sleepless patient, were to be included, conforming to sound rather than subject," writes E. M. Ladd, the compiler of "An Anthology of Quiet Verse."

"Some day, in the remote future, the doctor may prescribe such medicines as Beethoven Op. 101; Bach, Preludio in F sharp minor and B flat minor; "The Paradiso"; "Twelfth Night," and the "Sacrifice of San Lorenzo in Florence"; or carefully regulated doses of Mozart, Coopers, Botticelli, Rousard, and Campion; and have recourse to strychnine, pargorle, nitre, and the rest of the pharmacopoeia in the case of coarse and stubborn natures," writes Mr. Martin Armstrong in a foreword.

"Then the chemist's shops will be libraries and music stores; and the doctor's prescription will arrive from the dispensary, not in the familiar form of a small white packet sealed with red sealing-wax, but in the larger shape of a brown-paper parcel of books, or perhaps four long-haired persons carrying instrument cases in short, a string quartet."

SONGSTER-LEADER SAYS FAREWELL

After a period of useful service at Lisgar Street Corps, Songster Leader Harry Shaw has returned to Eston Mines, Yorkshire, England. This comrade, though born at Oliphant, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., became a



Songster-Leader Harry Shaw

acquainted with The Army when his parents settled at Eston. He became a Junior Soldier, later a Bandsman, and, in time, filled the offices of Band Secretary, Band Sergeant, and ultimately Corps Treasurer. So he knows what strenuous Army activity means.

Coming to Canada nearly three years ago, he, after a period of service at Dovercourt, located at Lisgar Street where he greatly strengthened the cornet section, and assumed the leadership of the Songster Brigade about fifteen months ago.

He will be remembered in Canada as a hard working, happy hearted and enthusiastic Salvationist, and Canadian Comrades will wish him every blessing and good fortune in the Old Land.

take care of your drum, and let your service be one of zealous endeavor for God and The Salvation Army.

There is no happier man in the Band than the on-and-out Blood-and-Fire Salvation drummer. My ideal Salvation Army drummer is not only a musician but is a man whose soul is on fire for souls, and who has the clean heart experience.

If he attracts attention, as good drummers do, may those attracted be able to exclaim, "Ah, there is a real drummer for you—one whose life is just as clean and shining as his drum!"

In the hands of a drum lover, a true drummer always is, the drum well as the drummer, is a live to the Corps. Fortunate is the man which possesses such a man.

December

A DISCO SA

A most interesting article by Mr. A. U. the effect and the reasons to America.

Meat sent only to be eaten, but me New Zealanders longer journey that when it days or more. This makes dation necessary.

The new discovery that has passed through the warm, it has been developed by special equipment to a socket. An unfreeze a hours, or for present, thus the immensity required.

AMERIC A F

There has been a Florida, a c associated with the remains of a mafodon.

Above the cities have been accumulated sands beneath canals, and

The discovery cause a wide expressionistic man of As long ago as a geologist, S. S. visit to Native the Mississippi where a human been found, face, with be by.

The recent support of the Native, and any reason for America in

THE

For thousands called arches of the except perhaps been born, these great No animal dares to attack man appears off the planet.

Dr. E. S. interestingly attacked in the first mammals. The Dr. Slosson walls external to the cones of the

FOR HEALTH

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Leader Harry Shaw

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December 19th, 1925

THE WAR CRY

11

HAPPENINGS IN THE BUSY WORLD

NEW WEALTH from COAL
CAPTURING WASTE BY-PRODUCTS

A DISCOVERY THAT WILL SAVE STORAGE

A most important invention has been made by a Melbourne engineer, Mr. A. L. Alcock, which will have the effect of making frozen meat cheaper and of helping our own dominions to compete against South America.

Meat sent from the Argentine needs only to be chilled to stand the journey, but meat from Australia and New Zealand, on account of the much longer journey, must be frozen, so that when it arrives here it takes four days or more to become unfrozen. This makes large storage accommodation necessary.

The new process is based on the discovery that a weak electric current, if passed through the carcass, will rapidly warm it, and the simple method has been devised of hanging the meat by special hooks which can be connected to an ordinary electric lamp socket. An alternating current will unfreeze a carcass in twenty-four hours, or four times as quickly as at present, thus saving three-quarters of the immense storage room now required.

AMERICA'S FIRST MEN
A Florida Discovery

There has been discovered in Florida a crushed human skull associated with stone arrowheads and the remains of the mammoth and the mastodon.

Above the stratum containing these relics have been found pottery and an accumulation of shells, while in the sands beneath occur teeth of horses, camels, and the sabre-toothed tiger.

The discovery is of importance, because a wide difference of opinion has been expressed as to whether prehistoric man ever existed in America. As long ago as 1846, the famous geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, paid a visit to Natchez, on the left bank of the Mississippi, to examine the site where a human bone was said to have been found, thirty feet from the surface, with bones of the mastodon near by.

The recent discovery made seems to support the reality of that made in Natchez, and it is difficult to think of any reason why man did not exist in America in those times.

THE DINOSAUR

your drum, and let you one of zealous endeavor. The Salvation Army, the happier man in the out-and-out Blood-and-Motion drummer. My dear drummer is not only a man whose soul is in his drum, and who has the experience, it's attention, as good as, may those attracted to him. "Ah, there is a real you—one whose life is an drum and shuhuh as his."

ds of drum lover, as is always is, the drum drummer, is a live. Fortunate is the drummer such a man.

At a time when North America is racked by a dispute over the problem of the coal mines, it is almost incredible that there should be so much waste in the use of this national treasure. Yet the fact is that we waste half the wealth of our coal, and both masters and men know it. The great heaps of slack that one sees round every mine contain in themselves wealth worth millions if it could be used. The trouble has been that no one has found an efficient process for separating the by-products from the raw coal and utilising what is left in the form of a light and smokeless fuel.

Coal Smoke a Waste

Nature is very wise. She has endowed mankind with intelligence in order that man, by using his intelligence, may enjoy the full benefit of her bounty. In the case of coal the great clouds of smoke that disfigure our cities are simply a living proof of bad fuel consumption. For coal smoke is not only a nuisance; it is a waste. Those dark clouds up in the air are so much gold burning away to the disfigurement of the country.

Scientists have known for some years that if coal could be carbonised at a low temperature the result would be to separate from coal-slack a smokeless

WORTH WHILE SAYINGS of the WEEK

"There are excellent people ready to do anything for their country, but not always to do something for the man next door."—The British Home Secretary.

"The dummy gun opposite a hospital at Hyde Park Corner (London) perpetuates a spirit which the Church should combat. You cannot have it both ways. Is it to be a Gun or a Cross?"—Lady Oxford.

"I look forward to the day when the presence of a blind person among us will be as rare as a swallow in October."—The British Minister of Health.

"The great British asset is peace."—Lord Salisbury.

"The one way to guard against such an appalling condition (the clash of color) is to emphasize the idea of the fellowship of all races and countries in one great spiritual unity based upon a loyalty to a common Lord."—The Rev. Canon Cody.

"The only deep, lasting happinesses are health of body and mind, and heart and soul—clear eyes, strong limbs, a vigorous mind rejoicing in its own activities and with opportunities to do its best and most con-

genial work; a warm heart able to love and to sympathise with others' joys and sorrows, a living soul believing in God and beauty and goodness and immortality. Those who find happiness on such a kind on such a basis have found the best thing God can give them."—Dr. R. C. Macfie.

"I believe in the great potency of the British people. They have risen to the topmost heights, and now they should cultivate great heartiness, love, and abolish tiger qualities."—Anagarika Dharmapala, Buddhist monk.

"When Europe begins to look forward, she will move forward."—Mr. Churchill.

"Nearly all the criticism I get is like that of the weary mother who said to the nurse, 'Just go upstairs and see what Tommy is doing, and tell him not to.'—Mr. Baldwin.

"The Biblical short story, of which the Book of Ruth is an example, is still one of the finest in all literature. Notwithstanding the literary excellence of the Bible, makers of readers and other text-books too rarely draw from it for their selections."—Mr. H. N. Sherwood.

solid fuel on the one hand, and on the other valuable oils and coal-gas. It is true that attempts have been made on an extensive scale to produce these effects by the process known as low-temperature carbonisation, but the machinery was not efficient.

But now a remarkable man named Charles Winser, famous as an inventor of engineering appliances, claims to have made an oven which will do the work of low-temperature carbonisation properly.

What Cheap Fuel Means

His coal oven is an adaptation of a pottery oven which he invented some years ago. Its chief feature is the fact that it rotates in a series of jerks, moving the coal-slack on throughout the process of drawing off the various by-products such as tar, oils, and sulphate of ammonia, and capturing the gases that now run to waste. Men of importance in industry and politics have examined Mr. Winser's claims, and they think he has probably found the right way out.

If so, it will mean that the cost of fuel and gas will be a fraction of their present cost.

"SWORDS AND PLOUGH-SHARES"

No half-way measures at disarmament will suit Germany, she asserts. The Krupp Works have converted their big Berlin plant into a factory for typewriters and baby carriages. The Krupp Works, near Berlin, is making beds and cigarette lighters, instead of ammunition. The Hohenzollern fort has been used.

Now the Government has gone one better by converting the former submarine harbor at Hohenzollern into a lobster battery. The building which formerly housed torpedoes, fuel and marine supplies has a sign: "Biological Institute."

The reason the Government is taking an interest in the lobsters' welfare is that they are selling for four dollars a pound in Berlin.

CHINA'S TROUBLES
Can any Good be Done?

In the midst of the marchings and counter-marchings of rival Chinese generals, a conference has assembled at Pekin to consider the claim of the Chinese Government to be allowed to increase the duties on imported goods. It is by their control of the Chinese Customs revenue that the Powers have hitherto made sure of China's payment of the interest on loans and war debts contracted long ago, and have prevented anti-foreign feeling from keeping out foreign goods; but at Washington it was agreed that China must now be allowed a voice in the matter, and a definite increase of duties was promised.

The difficulty in the way of the Conference is the war between the rival generals in China. The generals have no support from the mass of the people, whom they compel to feed their soldiers; they are simply out for the plunder they can get. The question is how the people are to get rid of them, to get a Government that can control them. The Conference will do anything it can to strengthen the hands of the Government, but it cannot put down the generals for them, and if the Government is allowed to increase the duties it cannot guarantee that imports will reach their destination without further charges.

There are local duties the trailers would like to get rid of, but far worse than these are the unlawful taxes the generals impose at every turn, and about these any promises the central Government may be willing to make are of no use at all. Many people think that for these reasons it was useless for the Conference to meet.

A BARREL FULL OF SOVEREIGNS

The Government of Afghanistan has just sent by steamer to Naples in a number of small barrels six thousand British sovereigns for the Italian Government. They are the price of the life of an Italian engineer named Piperno.

Signor Piperno got into a street brawl in Kabul in which he killed an Afghan. He was arrested, but on paying money to the dead man's relatives he was allowed to escape. Such is the comfortable custom in Afghanistan. But somehow or other he managed to get himself rearrested, and this time he was tried and executed for the murder in accordance with the custom farther West.

But the Italian Government was angry about it. It said the Afghan could not have it both ways; either the money or the life of Signor Piperno has been unfairly forfeited, and as his life could not be restored there must be money payment.

Bowing to the logic of this argument, the Afghan Government has paid, in the picturesque way described. Thus is justice—Eastern and Western Brand alike—publicly vindicated!

ANIMALS AND MUSIC

A violinist recently gave a free performance to the inhabitants of the London Zoological Gardens, and the effect of his playing upon some of his audience was rather curious to observe, according to a correspondent. The apes, bears, and scorpions seemed to be the most appreciative of all; some of them became quite agitated, while others howled in the direction whence the sounds proceeded and listened attentively. The bears, sheep, deer, lions, and zebras all evinced keen interest in the performance. But the wolves, foxes and elephants slept the sleep of the dead. The monkeys were divided in their regard; some of them crunched their necks with curiosity and listened with their hand behind their ears, while others clattered merrily, or criticsly took to themselves away.

December 19th, 1925

OUSE

s' Good Day

SOUND

Mrs. Peart proved to be a 1-earring member of the Corps. Mrs. Pearl Robinson, Mrs. Letz, led the service with some helpful meditation. A talk on "The Band under Bandmaster" was given by Captain Allard, the Field Secretary, who was assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel McNaughton and Staff-Captain Sparks of the London Division.

The meetings were well attended and were interesting and inspiring. "The Salvation Army and the Pioneers" was the subject of an interesting address by the Band on Sunday afternoon. In the absence of His Worship Mayor Christie, the chairman was Alderman Wm. Breece, who extended a welcome to the visiting Officers. He expressed himself in hearty terms of the Army and was always delighted to come to their meetings. Colonel Miller

FOR THE RETURNING WANDERER

The Field Secretary at Owen Sound

The week-end, Saturday and Sunday, November 28th and 29th, was an important occasion at Owen Sound inasmuch as it marked the opening of three days' special meetings at the Pioneers' Hall, by Captain Allard, the Field Secretary, who was assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel McNaughton and Staff-Captain Sparks of the London Division.

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The Winter Campaign slogan, "EVERY SOLDIER A SOUL-WINNER."

was tendered a hearty vote of thanks, the motion being made by the Secretary of the Kiwanis Club, the latter organization having co-operated in many places in efforts among the underprivileged. Lieutenant-Colonel McNaughton and Staff-Captain Sparks were active and in the meetings of the day, while the Band and Singers added their quota to make the gatherings interesting and impressive. On Monday evening a Musical Festival was held, with the visiting Officers taking part, and a most interesting program was arranged. Ensign and Mrs. Foster are in charge of the Corps.

LONDON I
Commandant and Mrs. Ursaki
Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor were with us for the week-end. Excellent audiences were in attendance at all gatherings which were well attended by God's people. At 5:30 p.m., on Saturday, the Brigadier had supper with the Bandmen, and later conducted a helpful session with them. This was followed by a Musical Festival, for which the Hall was packed to capacity, extra chairs being requisitioned to seat the overflow. All that was rendered by the members of the Band and Singers, which combinations, according to the Brigadier, acquitted themselves well.

Sunday, in spite of swirling snow and biting winds, was a day of fine activity. The Band Sunday, with parts of the visitors, in the afternoon, were supplemented by impressive testimonies from the Bandmen. Amongst those who took part was a convert, a convert of three months' standing, who was spending his first Sunday as a Bandman of London I Corps.

Those who knelt at the pews-sent in the final meeting witnessed to the genuineness of the peace which passes all understanding. Mrs. Brigadier Taylor conducted a meeting with the Home League on Monday afternoon, an attendance of sixty-one being recorded.

PORT COLBORNE
Captain Broughton, Lieutenant Wheeler
We are experiencing blessed times in our Corps. Three backsliders surrendered in the Tuesday night meeting last week, and on Sunday night two comrades were sworn-in under the Flag.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME"

General Hospital,
Hamilton, Ontario.

To the Editor:-

Dear Sir: Last Sunday morning, December 6th, Hamilton I Salvation Army Band came and gave a beautiful program of music in the Hospital grounds. The music was appreciated by doctors, nurses and patients alike and was very sweet and harmonious. The music was rendered in spite of the cold morning with much soul and expression. I read "The War Cry" each week and have seen requests for news, so I trust this will find its way into your "War Cry." I always look for Hamilton Corps news. This is from the patients of the semi-private ward attached to Ward 1, General Hospital, Hamilton. We do not wish our names printed, but you can mention the "Musical Four" of Ward 1. God bless you.

Yours truly,
THE MUSICAL FOUR.

"There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one Sinner that repenteeth"

Cannon Boomings in Ottawa Division

YORKVILLE

Ensign and Mrs. Godden
The pentent-form at Yorkville Corps is certainly no mere dust-court front-of-the-hall ornate. Not a single box seats, nor a single high back sofa is to be found there, and the past two weeks have been no exception to that rule. The Sunday's meetings conducted by Major Lewis and Ensign Potts were sessions of great spiritual blessing. The singing was most rhythmic, the organ and piano were in full swing, and four seekers surrendered. We had a good gathering at the Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday, when there was one seeker. The Home League's Annual Sale was opened on December 2nd by Mr. Grossop, president of the local business men, who were present in large numbers. The League is going right ahead.

The Winter Campaign has got off to a good start. We have a praying list, and last Sunday night had the joy of seeing three of the people whose names were on the list dedicated to Christ. Major Lewis' health is in good condition. Mrs. Ensign Weston has charge of the Young People's work and advances are being made. Our Band, composed of eight players, is doing creditably.

HAMILTON II
Commandant and Mrs. Raynor

On Saturday evening the Home League had charge of the meeting. A good program of song and music was given, a few helpful testimonies and a short address from Mrs. Raynor. The Home League Secretary, Mrs. Axford, presided over the proceedings. On Sunday we were favored with a visit from Adjutant Snow-

HUNTSVILLE

Ensign and Mrs. Luxton

At the suggestion of the Ensign, the Sunday evening open-air service was omitted and comrades went out to invite friends to the meeting. The idea proved very successful. The meetings were a wonderful success. The Singers' audience was very favorable, singing always an effective part, and four seekers surrendered. We had a good gathering at the Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday, when there was one seeker. The Home League's Annual Sale was opened on December 2nd by Mr. Grossop, president of the local business men, who were present in large numbers. The League is going right ahead.

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MONTREAL IV

Adjutant and Mrs. Jones

On a recent Sunday Major Macdonald was with us, assisted by Field-Major Sheard. Inspiring meetings were held and one seeker was registered. We have

THE SECOND PHASE OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

is from

DECEMBER 9th to JANUARY 8th

THE OBJECTIVE:

Backsliders' Restoration and Linking up of Ex-soldiers.

GO TO IT!

den. A helpful Holiness meeting was held, the Adjutant's address bringing much blessing. During the afternoon the Adjutant dedicated the twin daughters of two comrades. At the evening meeting one pentent surrendered to God.

TORONTO I
Ensign and Mrs. Boshier

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Dray conducted the services on Corps Cadet Sunday, and the Band and Corps Cadets took a prominent part in the afternoon. Mrs. Dray's talk to the young people was very helpful. The Staff-Captain's address in the Salvation meeting was full of teaching and a blessed prayer meeting closed with two boys seeking the Saviour. Staff-Captain Cadets, Mr. George G. D. G. S. and Mr. Commandant Sowton, assisted by Mrs. Colonel Miller, Mrs. Brigadier Taylor, who sojourned, and Mrs. Adjutant Wilson, opened the Sale of Work. Mrs. Sowton's presence was very much appreciated by the members of the Home League, as was also the presence of the other Officers. The staff were mostly occupied. A "round meeting" had been held the evening before when many good things were given for the Sale. The Riverdale Band and Singers rendered a good program of music and song in the evening. One hundred and fifty-four seekers were registered.

On a recent Sunday afternoon a beautiful sight was witnessed. A comrade who had been a wanderer and had come back to God at the previous Sunday's Salvation meeting, stood under the flag with his wife and five children. He gave his life to God. He will bring his wife and children to the church to see him. He will bring the children to God, and start to train them for his Saviour.

VERDUN

Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson

Last Sunday the Band took charge for the day. The Holiness meeting in the night was a great success. In the morning one seeker came forward for salvation.

On a recent Thursday night we had

with us the Young People from Montreal II, who gave an interesting program.

We have already sold 1,200 of our 2,000 Christmas "War Crys."

made a good start with the Winter Campaign during the last three weeks. Special Thursday night meetings have been held and prayer has been answered in definite consessions and renewals of sacred vows. On Sunday last we enjoyed a visit from Major and Mrs. Byers. At the evening meeting they were assisted by Commandant Trickley. We closed a splendid day with four at the mercy-seat.

LISGAR STREET

Adjutant and Mrs. Condie

Corps Cadet Sunday meant much to our Corps, and although unfortunately the Commandant and her assistant were both absent, the Corps Cadets, under the able leadership of Mr. Condie, took full hold of the occasion and the services were a means of real definite help. The entire Brigade sang at night, and following Corps Cadet G. Burrows' convincing talk, seven seekers were recorded, the last victory being claimed about 11 p.m.

DOVERCOURT

Adjutant and Mrs. Riches

Sunday's meetings were conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Dray. Good times were experienced, and best of all we had seekers for salvation. In the afternoon the Adjutant was able to cheer the great mother of Dr. Conroy with some of the old hymns. A feature of the praise meeting was Adjutant Cole's latest composition, "In Immanuel's Praise." This was much enjoyed by the comrades present.

Brother Holmes was welcomed to the Corps and came away to the meetings.

Thank God the fire burns in Dovercourt and we are proving that He is able to save to the uttermost.

SCOTCH NIGHT AT DOVERCOURT

on NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

SPLENDID
PROGRAMME
RESERVE
THE DATE

Good news of the progress of the Winter Campaign continues to creep in from the Ottawa Division, and there is every evidence that the Campaign is going well.

A report just to hand from Ottawa II (Kingsland Belhaven) says that new people are beginning to attend the meetings and there is rejoicing over the surrender of twenty-six young people during a hater service given by Mr. Cooper, an Army friend. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Best were present and led the prayer meeting.

Brigadier Allard is leading on the forces of Atkins Hill with good success. Mr. Dray gave his lantern service here also and fifteen young people took their stand for Jesus. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Best conducted the following Sunday meeting, marching in with glee in the memory-service, singing "Jesus, we trust in Thee." The soldiers' paper and tracts were surrendered.

Last week end Staff-Captain and Mrs. Best paid their initial visit to St. Paul's Falls, and were warmly received. The people were present in great numbers, and fifteen young adults and the splendid singing choir of the Tabernacle was a delight to witness. These adults and five junior in the movement were among the visible results this dear brother, a Salvationist, the first to come here, having three sons in the service and a plaque of three stars from his wife.

Ensign and Mrs. Friend are well established at their new Corps, and this is to be beginning to move. Commandant and Mrs. Dray, the good Staff-Captain of Mississauga, are here.

The public and many others of have in Ontario look upon as their Corps home—are giving valuable and ample support to the Ensign in his work. The Commandant assisted in the week-end meetings, bringing with him the meetings of the impressive young Canadian who had just arrived from the Old Land under the Army's care, and were spending their first Sunday in Canada. They were given a hearty welcome.

Captain Feltman, of Perth, tells of the commencement of cottage meetings in connection with the Campaign, and good news can be expected for "War Cry" readers from this quarter of the Campaign grounds.

GOD BLESS OUR SICK COMRADES

To sick comrades and "shut-ins" everywhere—the season's greetings! When tempted to worry because of enforced rest from the heat of battle, remember that the Christ-Child had lowered a stable with His presence. Behold the Lord among the common places of life! He is ever the same and will touch with the glow of His presence the seemingly idle hours and humdrum existence of the sick room.

We rejoice to announce that the hand of God has been laid upon our several sick Officer-comrades for good.

Colonel Otway has been removed from the hospital to the home of Adjutant and Mrs. Snowden. The latest reports are encouraging indeed, when it is considered that several weeks ago home for the Colonel's life were practically at zero.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrave continues to gradually increase in strength, though it will be some time yet before he can undertake his duties at T.H.Q.

Major Kendall stepped out of the house for the first time during the past week, and managed to get to the dentist and back again safely.

Certainly one of the year's miracles is the condition of Mrs. Commandant Coy. Though in the grip of such a distressing malady, Mrs. Coy has maintained throughout an optimism, an unshakable trust, and an abounding hope which has proven an inspiration to all who have visited her. As 1925 draws to a close she still clings to the Rock of Ages, bravely trusting for deliverance. Both Commandant and Mrs. Coy desire to express through "The War Cry" their heart-felt thanks for the many assurances of prayerful interest which have been received from comrades round the Territory.

When thinking upon the condition of the fore-mentioned comrades, as well as many others, we cannot but exclaim—"God has been better than our hopes!"

HELP US FIND!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, before and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, 2nd and 3rd floors, corner of the Empire. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

MEN'S SOCIAL

SESTAD, John—Age 22, about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, dark complexion, dark hair in Ontario in the Fall of 1924; name of town unknown. Brother Harry.

HICKS, Roy—Last heard of on February 19, 1925. Height about 5 ft. 4 in., dark complexion, brown hair and eyes. Mother enquires.

HOLEHOUSE, Bertrand—Age 26, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion, engineer (Turner), Native of Whitehouse, Ashton-in-Lyne, Lancashire. 15814

MCDONALD, Alex Garfield—Age 45, weight 140 lbs, semi-eyesight, grey eyes, light hair, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 11 in. Father dying.

FORRESTER, Edward Agnew—Whereabouts unknown. Born May 15th, 1881, at St. Mary's, Canada. Educated at Montreal College as a civil engineer and went to sea. His brothers, or their heirs, will hear something to their advantage. They are believed to be living in Canada.

ARTHUR, Edward George—Age 22, dark hair, brown eyes, height 5 ft. 7 or 7 ft. in. His tattoo marks on chest: was a sailor, ship. Heart and dragon on his right arm, clasped hands and name on left arm. Was on S.S. P. & O. "Marabout" as a steward, sailing from London to Australia. May be in Canada. Any one knowing his whereabouts, please communicate.

MARTIN, Mrs. Lillian D.—Age 50, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, slight dimples, one side of the nose. Daughter anxious for news.

EWING, Robert and Mary Ann—Ages between 55 and 60, Roman Catholics. Last known address, Greenbush, Alpena County, Michigan, U.S.A. Half-brother and sister anxious for news.

ONEIL, Ernest—Age 40 years, rather tall, slight build, sandy complexion, worked on street railway in London, Ontario. Sister enquires.

MERTON, Gould—Mrs. J. Merton, last known address in Montreal, communicate with her sister in Newfoundland, also with the Salvation Army, 29 Albert Street, Toronto (2).

MOIR, Walter James—Age 45 (about), height 5 ft. 9 in., blue eyes, fair complexion. Trade: gas and water fitter and turner. Native of Portishead, England. Good news awaited.

WILSON, Agnes—Came to Canada from Ireland in 1914 and took up residence in 1918 (18 sts on needles). Height 5 ft. 2 in., brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion. Left Montreal about March, 1925. Whereabouts urgently wanted.

SLOAN, Sidney Allen—(female)—Age 41 years, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Engaged in the millinery and dressmaking profession; English by birth.

LAMARRE, Jos. Henry Lucifer—Age 28 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion. Left Montreal about March, 1925. Whereabouts urgently wanted.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL

Please communicate with Lieut.-Colonel DesBrisay, Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

STIRLING, Mrs. Herbert—Last heard of in Edmonton, May have moved to Seattle. Eyes dark, height 5 ft., age 54. Sister Bella of Perth, Ontario, enquires.

FRANKLIN, Annie—Age 32, height 5 ft., auburn hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion, missing 15 years. Last known address, 119 Belmont Place, Westmount, Montreal.

GOUEROUX, Mrs. Rose Ethel—Age 26, dark hair and eyes, fresh complexion, factory hand, native of Walsworth, London. Last known address, Victoria, Ontario. May be married.

PASK, Mrs. Grace—Age 64, medium height, was former's wife and native of Walsworth, England. May be in Blenheim, Ontario, R.R. 5.

DARBYSHIRE, Mrs. Emma (nee Cook)—Age 40, height 5 ft. 2 in., brown eyes, fair complexion. Native of Atherton, Lancashire, England. Last known address, Mrs. T. Judd, Husband anxious.

MURRAY, Maggie—May possibly be married. Age 45, height 5 ft. 6 in. Last known address, Grafton, Ont., with Mrs. Gilbert. May be in Belleville, Ont. Sister in Ansonia, Conn., U.S.A., enquires.

BEARDMORE, Daisy—Age 22, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, auburn hair. Came to Canada in 1914 from North Staffordshire through Dr. Barnardo's Home. Brother enquires.

MCCARTHY, Mary Kate—Age 28, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown eyes, dark complexion, dark hair. Last heard of in Calgary, Alberta. Mother in England enquires.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20th, NEHEMIAH 13:1-9. "I UNDERSTOOD OF THE EVIL . . . AND IT GRIEVED ME SO."

How do you feel and act when confronted with evil? True Holiness grieves over it, and true courage fights it. On Nehemiah's return to Jerusalem after an absence at the Persian Court he found many sins as bad as ever. In God's strength he began again to fight the evil, looking to Him alone for help and reward.

MONDAY, 21st, NEHEMIAH 13:10-19. "COUNTED FAITHFUL AND THEIR OFFICE WAS TO DISTRIBUTE UNTO THEIR BRETHREN."

"God gives us a special labor in my generation for the good of my brethren, and for His glory!"—Dr. Arnold.

"The holiest thing by Heaven decreed, An errand all divine.

TUESDAY, 22nd, NEHEMIAH 13:20-31. "REMEMBER ME, O MY GOD."

With this petition, Nehemiah closes the record of his work for God at Jerusalem. Amid all his difficulties and responsibilities, God, his strength, had given him. But with courage and perseverance he accomplished what he set out to do.

WEDNESDAY, 23rd, ISAIAH 9:1-7. "UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN . . . AND HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL."

How appropriate is this name to Him who came as God's great gift to a world at enmity against Him. "Wonderful Saviour is Jesus!" Wonderful in His love and power of Eden we, too, need fear no evil!

His nature and character; wonderful in His words and works; most wonderful of all in His seeking and saving the lost. Are you allowing Him, day by day, to provide for you and your family? Saturday, 24th, ISAIAH 11:1-9. "THEY SHALL NOT HURT NOR DESTROY IN ALL MY MIGHT."

Beautiful indeed is Isaiah's picture-prophesy of the new earth "when Christ returns, even the lower creation shall share the blessings of His righteous reign. The wild creatures shall no longer fear man or prey upon each other; but shall become so docile and gentle that little child shall lead them." And so the love and peace of Eden we,

too, will share.

FRIDAY, 25th, ISAIAH 11:10-16. "THIS REST SHALL BE GLORIOUS."

To-day we commemorate the coming of the Prince of Peace to bring peace on earth. And while the lower creation is His first creation, so is the Son of Man He had not where to lay His head. But to all the weary and heavy laden He offers rest.

SATURDAY, 26th, ISAIAH 12:1-6. "GOD IS MY SALVATION, WHEREIN I TRUST; I AM NOT BE AFRAID."

Simple faith is fearless, for it sees the invisible God. Faith sent young David, sure of victory, blithely to meet the mighty giant. By faith the Hebrew boys feared not the fiery furnace and Daniel dreaded not the lions' den. Jehovah, their strength, their salvation, their song. Relying on Him we,

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER

AND

MRS. SOWTON

Earlcourt—Fri., 11 a.m., Dec. 25th.

Dovercourt—Sun., Dec. 27th.

Toronto Temple—Thurs., Dec. 31st (Watchnight Service).

Danforth—Sun., Jan. 3rd.

West Toronto—Sun., Jan. 10th.

Colonel Abby will accompany.

THE FIELD SECRETARY

(Colonel Miller)

Toronto Temple—Wed., Dec. 23rd.

Toronto Temple—Fri. morn., Dec. 25th.

Sarnia—Sat.-Mon., Jan. 9-11th.

COLONEL BETTRIDGE: Danforth, Sun., Jan. 16th.

COLONEL AND MRS. MOREHEN: Mimico, Sun. morning; Augusta Ave., Sun. night, Dec. 27th.

COLONEL JACOBS: Orillia, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 2-3rd.

LIEUT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: London II, Sun., Dec. 20th; London IV, Sun., Dec. 27th; Stratford, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 2-4th; Sarnia, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 9-11th.

*Staff-Captain Sparks will accompany.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JENNINGS: Lisgar Street, Sun., Jan. 3rd.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE: Hamilton III, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th; Hamilton I, Thurs., Dec. 31st.

BRIGADIER BLOSS: East Toronto, Fri., Dec. 18th; Bedford Park, Sun., Dec. 20th; Riverdale, Sun., Dec. 27th.

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Toronto I, Fri., Dec. 18th; Mimico, Sun., Dec. 20th; Toronto I, Fri., Dec. 25th.

MAJOR BRISTOW: Essex, Sun., Dec. 27th; Windsor I, Thurs., Dec. 31st (Watchnight).

MAJOR KNIGHT: Haltonbury, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th.

MAJOR LEWIS: East Toronto, Sun., Dec. 20th; Oshawa, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 9-10th; Lisgar Street, Sun., Jan. 17th.

MAJOR AND MRS. MACDONALD: Montreal V, Fri., Dec. 18th; Montreal III, Sun., Dec. 20th; Montreal I, Fri., Dec. 25th.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Springhill, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th; Portboro, Mon., Dec. 21st; Pugwash, Tues., Dec. 22nd; Truro, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 26-27th; Halifax I, Thurs., Dec. 21st (Watchnight).

MAJOR RAVEN: Wychwood, Sun., Dec. 20th.

MAJOR THOMPSON: Huntsville, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 2-3rd.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Hamilton III, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th; Hamilton II, Thurs., Dec. 31st.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Windsor, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 26-27th; Ilford, Thurs., Dec. 31st (Watchnight).

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPARKS: London III, Sun., Dec. 20th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN CAMERON: East Toronto, Fri., Dec. 18th; Yorkville, Sun., Dec. 20th; Riverdale, Sun., Dec. 27th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN OWEN: Florence, Sun., Dec. 20th; Sydney, Fri., Dec. 25th; North Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 26-27th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BEST: Ottawa III, Wed., Dec. 16th; Ottawa I, Thurs.-Fri., Dec. 17-18th; Ottawa II, Sun.-Mon., Dec. 20-21st; Ottawa I, Fri., Dec. 25th; Sun., Dec. 27th.

INVESTMENTS

Comrades and friends having small or large amounts available for investment, should communicate with the Financial Secretary, at Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2), Ont. 5% interest allowed. Smaller amounts can be withdrawn without notice.

All communications and transactions strictly confidential.

TRADE DEPARTMENT

MEN'S TAILORING

Now is the time to get a good fitting suit or overcoat for Winter wear. Our Tailor Shop, not being too busy, we can give you quick and very careful service.

Here are some lines we would especially recommend:

No. 8	\$42.75
No. 7	42.75
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Don't forget when spending your serenading proceeds that the Trade specializes in instrument repairs. Guaranteed workmanship and low prices.

Price 20c. per sheet. Plus postage.

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON

We have recently put into stock a very attractive and good photograph of the Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton. This is a photograph that meets a long-felt need, in that it has our Territorial Leader and Mrs. Sowton on the same picture. We are sure you will like it.

Price 75c. Plus postage.

OVERCOATS FOR MEN

Melton No. 1	\$60.00
Beaver No. 1	49.00
Vicuna No. 2	49.00

NOTE.—Our Tailoring Department specializes in Ladies' Overcoats for both uniform and private wear.

Melton No. 1	\$65.00
Serge No. 8	47.75
Beaver No. 1	53.00
Vicuna No. 2	53.00

ADDRESS ORDERS AND ENQUIRIES TO:

THE TRADE SECRETARY

20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO

December 19th, 1925

WILLIAM B.
No. 3050
TORONTO,
DEC. 26th 1925

"THE
GIFT,
AND WHO?"

(See page 2)

The WAR CRY



Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East,
Newfoundland and Bermuda.

THE
YEAR
REVIEWED

(See page 9)

Number 2149

TORONTO, DECEMBER 19th, 1925

Price FIVE CENTS

Consternation reigned! Widow Fain started forward, but drew back at the look in the Sergeant-Major's eyes.

"I found him on my doorstep last night, and I'm going to keep him. His name is John James, Junior."

"But Sergeant-Major," said the Captain, puzzled and distressed—"you can't."

"SHE said to keep him," was the stern reply, "and what SHE says goes."

Everyone recognized the finality of the statement.

"Make out the certificate 'John James, Junior' until I can add 'Thomas' to it, which will be just as soon as Lawyer Grant can fix the papers."

Thus the advent of John James, Junior. How Widow Fain and the League of Mercy mothered the child—how the Corps adopted him as their own particular property—the unthirsting delight and devotion of the Sergeant-Major are only incidental to our story, although by no means incidental to the process of raising John James, Junior. The Thomas Lumber Company had a new significance for its president.

"Someone to leave it to now," he exulted, as he surveyed the ever-increasing piles of hardwood and cross-ties. The Christmas Eve tryst with Jennie was kept as faithfully as before, but by two instead of one. The kindly face and the gray eyes over the mantle played a tremendous part in the life of the growing lad. As he emerged, as most boys do, into Grade School days, a new problem faced the Sergeant-Major.

John's Future

"We need a High School in this town, badly," he reasoned. "Want to keep the boy around here as long as possible. He'll get away to college soon enough," which is the reason why the Williamsport High School was erected, and why so much of the material was donated by the president of the Williamsport Lumber Company.

With the passing of the years, the future of John James, Junior, was a constantly recurring question in the mind of the Sergeant-Major.

"Getting pretty old, now," he mused, as he sat in his office at the lumber company, staring out of the west window from which he could see the corner of the new High School building. "The boy will be going to college next year. Like him to sit in my chair when I'm through, but he's got to make his own decision—a dad ain't raised right who can't make his own decisions."

The Christmas season separated the close of the high school term at which John James, Junior, graduated, and the commencement of the New Year term at —— State University at Alexis. Christmas Eve found father and son keeping tryst by the light of the blazing logs, and the glow of an unseen, but very real presence. Once more the year had been faithfully reviewed—once more the gray eyes over the mantle had smiled encouragement and trust. The book had been opened and read, and a long silence had filled the room, to be broken at length by the Sergeant-Major who inquired.

"I guess you'll be deciding soon what course you want to take at college, eh, boy?"

"If I have the deciding, I've already decided, dad," was the quiet reply.

"It's your decision, boy—it's your decision," was the equally quiet re-

JOHN JAMES, Junior

(Continued from page 4)

joinder.

"Well, then, I want to be a doctor, dad."

There was a long silence in the room of many memories, broken only by the crackling of the logs. The boy

and were filled with hard work and hardly won triumphs for John James, Junior. The refection of the boy to the college life does not form part of this story. That would be a story in itself. Suffice it to say, that The Salvation Army shield that was pinned to the lapel of his coat by Widow Fain was not removed, neither was it disgraced. The Sergeant-Major was filled with eagerness for the day when the boy would "hang out his shingle" and when Williamsport would have an honest-to-goodness doctor of its own."



"I'll do it. I'll keep him!"

glanced curiously at the gray-haired figure in the red guernsey, and found that the eyes of the old man were upon the picture. Presently a smile overspread the worn features, and a muttered exclamation escaped his lips.

"Well, so be it! SHE says it's all right, and what SHE says goes. It's your decision, boy—yours and her's."

"I hope you're not disappointed, dad," said the boy.

"No, not exactly disappointed, but I'm sure some surprised boy, some surprised—but then you've been a surprise ever since the day God sent you to me. Never thought of you being a doctor! You must have been doing some thinking, boy!"

"Yes, dad," replied the boy, "I've been thinking, and I'm thinking a long way into the future, too."

"Into the future, eh. What—but the old man stopped, for it was the boy's eyes that were now fastened upon the picture."

The college years sped rapidly by,

enough as a business—but a Doctor! well, that's different, somehow."

The Williamsport Corps, too, during the years that Doctor Jack was at school, had grown out of its old clothes. The old store on Main Street had given place to an imposing red brick Citadel. Silver-plated band instruments shone on the platform. An Adjutant now graced the platform. The League of Mercy was now an organization with many activities. Widow Fain still retained her "corner," but other hands now guided the destinies of the League of which she was the founder in Williamsport.

The Corps had turned out in full force to welcome Dr. Jack home again, and the Christmas morning service was full of holy joy.

"A word from Dr. Jack," said the Adjutant, and this was evidently the signal for which these loving and loyal hearts had waited. Was he not "their own"? Didn't the League of Mercy "raise" him?

"I thank you for your welcome home," said the Doctor, "and I suppose you have been wondering what

I intend to do with my life, now that the school days are over. Well, I wondered myself for quite a long time. But I have come to a decision—and I wanted that you, my comrades of this Corps, should hear that decision to-day. I have not even told the Sergeant-Major what I am about to tell you."

There was a silence in the Citadel. Eager eyes looked into the face of the square-shouldered young man who stood upon the platform. Widow Fain leaned forward and cupped her ear with a trembling hand. The Sergeant-Major sat in silence, his eyes upon the boy.

Called for Service

"Friends, I suppose you have concluded that I would be staying in Williamsport, but the more I have thought of the needs of the world outside Williamsport, and beyond America, the more I have been led to the conclusion that I should offer my life to The Army for service in the foreign field—China—Java—anywhere, where the need is greatest."

Again a silence, broken by a choking sob from the League of Mercy corner, and the strides of the Sergeant-Major as he crossed the platform and flung his arm around the shoulder of the boy. The voice of the old man was husky with emotion as he faced the audience and said,

"SHE told me to keep him. SHE told me to keep him."

For the second time in his life John James, Junior, had roset the Christmas morning service of the Williamsport Corps.

When in doubt, pray! The Adjutant had long ago learned that lesson, and it stood him in good stead at that time.

"Shall we bow our heads and pray?" he suggested. This seemed to be the only thing to do at that moment, and as the sound of his "amen" died away, the voice of the Sergeant-Major was heard repeating the words, in reverent monotone—"For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given."

The Winter Campaign slogan, "EVERY SOLDIER A SOUL-WINNER!"

The Se